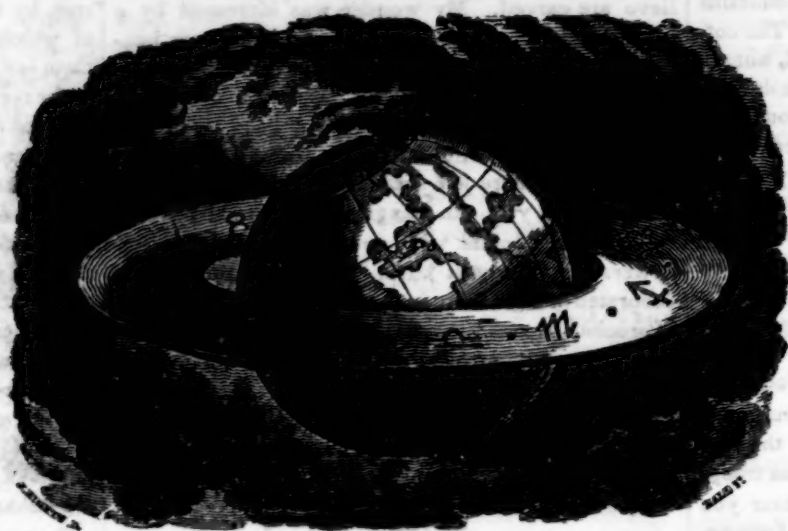


THE ZODIAC.



DEVOTED TO SCIENCE, LITERATURE AND THE ARTS.

VOL. I.

ALBANY, AUGUST, 1835.

NO. 2.

[For the Zodiac.]

THE INDIAN VILLAGE.

Wake, wake from sleep,—ye ages past,
Your scenery o'er my musings cast,
As when the red-browed hunter-band,
Roam'd fearless o'er their father-land.
Methinks,—from yonder thicket-lair,
Again the panther's eye-balls glare,
The eclipsing forest 'gainst the cloud,
Uplifts its banner, darkly proud,
The slight canoe, with venturous prow,
Dares the strong billow's breast to plough,
The war-dance wheels its maddening round
The prisoner to the stake is bound,
While chieftain grave, and hoary sire,
Debating, throng the council-fire,
And nature's eloquence maintains
Dominion o'er the lasting plains.
A change rolls on,—The frequent sail!
With pale-fac'd strangers loads the vale,
In startling echoes, shrill and clear,
The woodsman's axe alarms the ear,
The smitten forest groans and dies
Seal'd to the stream the shallop lies,
The cone-roof'd cabins melt away
Like mist beneath Aurora's ray,
The native King with fearless sway,
The stately warrior;—where are they?
What checks on yonder shadowy height
The hunter's arrow swift as light?
Where have that race so dauntless fled?
And why this silence of the dead?
Back to your couch,—ye ages grey!
And curtaining hide their dark decay. L. H. S.

[For the Zodiac.]

STANZAS FOR MUSIC.

When notes, that dancing
In golden wine,
To the eyes' glancing
Speak while they shine—
Then, the draught pouring,
Love's fountain free,
Mute, but adoring,
I drink to thee.
When sleep enchaineth,
Sense steals away—
Dream, o'er mind reigneth,
With dark strange sway—
One sweet face floateth
Sleep's misty sea,
Th' unconscious heart, doateth
On thee—on thee.

LEON.

"Now Nature ripened in her burning noon
Comes like a young inheritress, and gay
Although her parent months have passed away." Cornucall.



"THE quiet August noon is come;
A slumberous silence fills the sky,
The fields are still, the woods are dumb,
In glassy sleep the waters lie.

And mark yon soft white clouds, that rest
Above our vale, a moveless throng;
The cattle on the mountain's breast
Enjoy the grateful shadow long.

O, how unlike those merry hours
In sunny June, when earth laughs out;
When the fresh winds make love to flowers,
And woodlands sing and waters shout!—

When in the grass sweet waters talk,
And strains of tiny music swell
From every moss-cup of the rock,
From every nameless blossom's bell!

But now, a joy too deep for sound,
A peace no other season knows,
Hushes the heavens, and wraps the ground—
The blessings of supreme repose." BRYANT.

[For the Zodiac.]

LETTERS FROM INDIA—No. I.

AGRA, APRIL.

I have at last reached my destination (Agra) after having travelled upwards of a thousand miles; which will sound to your ears as a most prodigious journey, though in this country we think nothing of it. Part of the way I was on board a boat and part of the way I marched. I found myself as comfortable in my boat as if I had been in my own house. In marching there is a little more trouble. I had two tents, one of which I always sent on before me, to be ready on my arrival. I generally arose between four and five in the morning and rode to my tent, commonly about 14 miles off, before the sun was high; every one here in going a journey carries an immense quantity of baggage. I had not less than 15 bullocks to carry mine, and upwards of twenty servants with me. You would

think this an amazing retinue at home, but many people here have three times the number. During part of my march, the weather was very warm, with hot winds blowing, but I had tatties to my tent and was not much annoyed. I do not know if ever I described tatties to you; they are large frames stuffed with the roots of an aquatic grass, which are fitted into the doors and windows to the windward side of the house. A man constantly attends to keep them wet, the hot wind in its passage through the wet grass is cooled, and sometimes you feel so cold in your house that you are glad to put on your warmest coats, while if you were to go out of doors, you would do so at the risk of having the skin parched from your face. These winds blow nearly three months of the year, setting in about 11 A. M. and ceasing about 5 in the evening. People travelling in a Palanquin at this season have tatties fitted to them by means of which they are kept cool. During the hot weather in this part of India, we have plenty of preserved ice by which we cool our wine and water. You cannot conceive how refreshing a draught of well cooled water is during the hot weather. In my travels you will suppose I have seen much to admire and astonish. I cannot say that I have. The scenery of India is generally very tame, as in every level country it must be. However I must own I have been amazed at its fertility. Almost every spot is cultivated and bears two crops in the year. After the rains they have a rice crop. During the cold weather, crops of all sorts of European grain flourish amazingly. Most of the trees are green all the year round, every one must be struck with the woody scenery of India. They appear as if they had stood for ages, and as if they would last undecayed for many more. I do not wonder that the natives of India look on some of their large trees with devotion; the Banian tree in my opinion may inspire nearly the same feelings in an enlightened European that it does in a rude Hindoo. Its immense trunk shoots out fantastic branches on every side, from which stems fall to the ground and there take root. These stems in the course of time become as large as the parent one, and thus you frequently see one Banian tree covering a large space of ground, and itself appearing a forest. Under its shade you generally find Hindoo temples of fantastic but neat eastern architecture. The effect of those trees at a distance is very picturesque, the stems and branches forming arches, which are clustered with large leaves. Under the arches the temple may be seen half hid and here and there a Brahmin prostrating himself before the idols which are supported by the trunks of the trees. In the back ground a level plain, bounded by the horizon or wood, with here and there a Palmyra

raising its tall head into the clear blue of an Indian sky. India presents many such scenes as I have endeavoured to describe, but it wants wooded mountains and rapid streams to complete the effect. The cottages of the natives are generally built of mud, but are much prettier than our mud cottages; they wash them with water once a day which takes off the rough appearance and presents a smooth clean surface. The inside of the huts is washed in the same way and is very neat and clean. The houses in the villages are mostly built in the same manner. In the Bazaars, you find all sorts of native merchandize. In one part you see cloth merchants tempting female eyes, by a display of cloths of all colours. In another place the sweetmeat makers tempting not boys alone, but the more advanced in years; the natives of India are very fond of sweetmeats, so much so that when native troops have any thing arduous to undertake they are presented with sweetmeats, while the European troops receive a dram. In another place of the Bazaar you may see the shoemakers, with their gilded and spangled shoes, and in another part the makers of eating and drinking cups and utensils, which are neatly arranged and glittering in the bright rays of the sun. Here and there you may observe Hindoo and Mahomedan places of worship with their white domes and gilded minarets, and often of beautiful architecture. The streets are crowded with people dressed in all the colors of the rainbow, which form a strange contrast with their black faces. The women turn their backs on a European passing, to conceal their charms from the gaze of a christian. Although black, some of the women are very pretty, the young ones I mean, the old ones are generally hags and would answer well for the witches in Macbeth. The men are a fine athletic people, every one carries arms, they seem to be a race of warriors. Yet India, from the earliest times has been the prey of other nations. Every village has a fort, but most of them are now dismantled and in ruins, only serving as beautiful subjects for the pencil of the artist. On viewing the many decayed fortresses of India, my mind naturally reflects on the instability of all earthly things, and when I behold the massy ramparts, (which look like the work of giants) crumbling to decay, and the gigantic gates and barriers leveled with the dust, I reflect on the folly of man pursuing man, when time wages so sure a war on mankind and their most ponderous structures. Agra, where I now am, was once the capital of the Mahomedan empire of India. It is divested of most of its grandeur, but is still superb in its ruins. It must formerly have been of immense extent; from any rising ground you may see the ruins of innumerable palaces and mosques, many of which were built of beautiful white marble. There are a few buildings still in high order, among which the Taj is the most remarkable. It is situated on the banks of the river Jumna and is the burying place of one of the Mogul Emperors and his wife. It is placed in a truly beautiful garden and is about half as large as the church in Charlotte Square, with two wings about half the size of the centre building. On entering the garden by an immense arched gate of the most beautiful and fantastic eastern carved work, as you may conceive the view of the Taj, is beyond description. The Arabian nights seem no longer fabulous. You almost expect a Fairy or Genius to spring up from every vine or fig grove to conduct you to the enchanted palace. You may think my style eastern, but I speak as I felt at the moment I visited the Taj when on a delightful cool morning, the sun was just rising and gilding the beautiful marble dome with his rays. I inhaled a thousand odors from the most beautiful Indian flowers. On advancing nearer the building, I trod on an immense marble platform, on which the Taj was raised, and then began to discover new charms imperceptible in the distance. I ascended a large flight of marble steps to another platform of the same stone, and there, beauties beyond description were presented to my as-

tonished sight. The whole of the exterior of the building was of marble, on which flowers in basso relievo are carved. My wonder was increased by a blaze of grandeur far exceeding any thing my imagination could have before conceived. The interior form is an octagon, four of its sides have doors and carved arched windows, over your head is the immense marble dome, and in the centre are the tombs, round which there is a screen of the most beautiful carved work you can imagine. The tombs are of white marble inlaid with precious stones forming flowers of the gayest hues. The interior walls are decorated with flowers in basso relievo and festoons of precious stones; the doors were once of solid silver, but the Maharrattas on overrunning this country carried them off. The tout ensemble is beautiful and truly lovely. I am convinced if Hogg had ever seen it, he would have described it as the abode of his fairy Queen.

LETTER II.

DELHI, SEPTEMBER.

Delhi, you may perhaps know, is the capital of India and still the residence of the great Mogul, but he now is the mere shadow of an Emperor. The British authority is ascendant and although all public acts for forms sake, are done in the Emperor's name yet he is never consulted by our government. I once had an opportunity of seeing him when he was attended by an immense retinue consisting of horse and foot, and men mounted on camels and elephants. There were flags flying, banners waving, bright polished arms gleaming to the sunbeams, bands of music, the tread of feet, and a hum of innumerable voices.—There was but little arrangement, in the procession, but one might notice the line which divided those composing it, from the crowd of spectators.—First of all, proceeded (as near as I could distinguish) the band of music, then followed the King's Guards, a body of match lock men with swords and shields and immense horns by their sides, to hold their powder, next I think came men on horseback, their steeds gaily caparisoned, each with a long spear over his shoulder, a shield at his back and a sword at his side. After them, men on camels and then nobles on their elephants. In the middle of this mass was his Majesty seated in his palanquin, smoking his hookah—a fine looking old man with a truly venerable white beard. The procession was closed by horsemen and flanked by men mounted on camels, who ever and anon fired cannon from the camels backs, the whole enveloped in dust. I had never seen such a display of barbarian pomp before, and was highly pleased with it. The city of Delhi is very fine, it stands on the river Jumna, and is surrounded by a high stone wall. Exactly in its centre there is a stupendous and beautiful mosque, built partly of marble and partly of red stone, its domes minarets and fantastic pinnacles soar into the air with a grace truly Asiatic. I say Asiatic, because you have no buildings at home that can give you the smallest conception of Eastern Architecture. You can form no idea of the beautiful curves of its domes, of the light elegance of its minarets, of the beautiful sweeps of its arches, of its broad massy flights of steps, but above all the minute delicate carving of each particular stone. Fancy to yourself the bright beams of an almost vertical sun darting fully and broadly on those marble domes, which scarcely seem to press on the body of the building, so ethereal is the hue acquired from the whiteness of the marble and the intervening vapor; the minarets at each angle enveloped in the same mist and looking so light, so chastely and classically light, that you might almost fancy they would melt in the air, then the body of the building, of a more solid and chaste architecture and then the broad flight of steps crowded with people thronging to pay their devotions, their flowing robes of every bright and dazzling color, then near the foreground

fancy a few elephants standing writhing about their long proboscis, in which they have the branch of a tree, by that means driving off the flies, the smallest of which has power to annoy the elephant. Near them is a group of camels waiting meekly and patiently for their masters return from the mosque, and also perhaps a group of horses with their party colored housings and chains of silver round their proud arching necks, champing their bits, pawing the ground and all anxiety for a change of scene. In the foreground suppose some beautiful trees of the freshest verdure, on whose fresh green leaves the eye loves to repose, after gazing on the blaze of light reflected from the domes. Can you fancy all this, if so, you have an Indian scene before you. I said the mosque was in the centre of the city; from it there are four streets running north, south, east and west, at the end of each of them is a gate. On entering the gates the stranger is struck with the air of grandeur and gloom, its soaring minarets, its gilded domes; marble mosques and palaces are contrasted with the miserable looking huts of the poorer natives, yet they make fine foregrounds with their old irregular outlines and broken decayed roofs, overgrown with dark green weeds, through which the bleak weather beaten thatch occasionally shows itself, while the most picturesque groups of natives are invariably seated about, in a manner more graceful, than art can imitate.

LETTER III.

TO A DISTINGUISHED SCOTCH POET.

Before I left Scotland, now upwards of four years, I promised to write you but how it never recurred to me till to-day, that it was a duty to do so, I am at a loss to determine if it were a duty before. I now consider it doubly so for the esteem I always bore you, is heightened by a very powerful tie. You have become the husband of a dear and valued friend, whose many acts of kindness to me in my boyish days, hold a place in my memory with all the dear and delightful associations of childhood, and those, to an exile from his native land, will ever awaken the warmest affections of nature. I may also wish you joy on another account, I mean the great increase of your reputation as a writer. Your fame has even travelled into the wilds of India, where your Donald McDonald is almost as great a favorite as "Scots wha hae wi' Wallace bled," or "Auld Lang Syne." Could Scotch poets know the influence of Scotch song on their countrymen who have left their native land—could they know the sweet workings of our souls when Scotland's blue mountains, rapid streams and brown moors are brought to mind by the magic charms of their sweet verse, I believe the vain race, (for vain you allow them to be in your Queen's Wake,) would be as proud of their triumph, as he who of old, by the power of song, raised a mortal to the skies, or she who drew an angel down. You are peculiarly and intensely a Scotch poet, all your imagery and characters are drawn from the materials which have been familiar to you from your infancy: even your fairies and bogles are Scotch, and your scenery, whether wrapt in the mists of Autumn, agitated by the storms of winter or glowing under the soft heavenly tints of the sweet summer gloaming, is always truly Scottish. You will therefore ever be a poet dear to your countrymen, but peculiarly dear to those who are severed despairingly and forever from the land of their idolatry. I have read your Brownee of Bodsbeck, which I admire very much; but I must own I think your address to Lady Ann Scott worth all the rest. Your lovely Cassie, whose eyes say "God bless thee Lady Ann," ought to make the man who has a soul, exclaim, "God bless thee, sweet poet." Although you have chosen to tread the ground pre-occupied by the author of the Tales of my Landlord, you have shown yourself not unworthy of walking in the same path, and some of your characters are drawn with a force and precision, and a breadth of coloring that would not discredit the mighty master. The character I admire most is the wife of the old cove-

nanter, who braving the iron hand of oppression and cruelty weeps over the memory of her dead husband, and pours her deep rooted woes in a strain of song, which breathes the very spirit of heart-rending misery, yet never does she forget to glory, that he whom she mourns, died for the cause of the broken covenant. You have not been so happy in your Claverhouse or Brown. Your forte is Scottish peasantry, with them you are always easy and graceful. Let me advise you never to forget you are the Ettrick Shepherd, and that your grey plaid is your most becoming dress. When you throw it off and enter courts and camps, you are as completely lost as when enveloped in the mists of Cloakmore,* but a truce to criticism, and let me wish you joy of the birth of your son, which I have heard of since I began this letter.

* Cloakmore, a mountain in Meggetdale in the vicinity of St. Mary's Loch.—[Ed.]

LETTER IV.

DUM DUM, OCTOBER.

I am now at Dum Dum, the quarters of Artillery, only six miles from Calcutta, and a very pleasant station. We have not a very numerous society, yet it is a pleasant one, and among the rest of our gaities, we have an excellent Theatre, and a very good set of Actors. The society in Calcutta is very extensive and certainly gay enough. Balls, plays, and routs, are very common—yet during the hot season, which continues five months, I do not think these entertainments very agreeable; however, in the cold weather, when we are as glad to muffle ourselves up as you good folks in Glen Kens are, during your frost and snow, I enjoy all these amusements. You see, although we poor Indians are banished from our country and friends, we are not banished from society.

I am sure you have often heard that the Ladies in this country are very proud, so they are I assure you, and very different from the sweet amiable creatures they are at home. But this is a dangerous subject, and I will say nothing more about it. I have as yet seen little of the Country, having been stationed at Dum Dum ever since my arrival. However, of the little I have seen, I will endeavour to give you an account, and first of Calcutta and its neighbourhood. Calcutta you know is the Capital of British India, and stands on the banks of the Hoogley, a large branch of the Ganges, and is about seventy miles from the Sea. The appearance of Calcutta, from the River, is very fine, and to those who have been confined to a Ship for several months without seeing land, doubly interesting. The banks of the River all the way from the Sea, are finely wooded, and to a stranger the trees of a tropical climate, the lofty palms, cocoa nuts and Palmyras rising amid the dark green of the wide spreading Banians, which overhang the stream, have a very imposing and novel effect.—Here and there you see the white domes and gay minarets of a Hindoo Temple, towering above the trees, and on large flights of steps, which proceed from the temple to the River, you observe the Hindoo with clasped hands performing his superstitious adorations, while boats of the most picturesque and grotesque figure are every where plying on the stream. There is an appearance of life throughout the whole, which adds much to the interest of the scene; but you look in vain for the fine mountains, and picturesque back grounds of Scottish landscape. Bengal is level throughout. On your near approach to Calcutta, the banks of the River are every where seen adorned by the beautiful country houses of our Anglo Indian Nabobs. Every house seems a palace, and gives a stranger no low idea of the riches of our countrymen in this part of the Globe. From this part of the River, which is called Garden Reach, you have a fine view of Calcutta, the fort and the numerous Shipping in the River. The houses are all white, and glittering in the rays of an almost vertical sun, give Calcutta

the appearance of a City built with white marble. You have not, as when approaching London, and other great cities, your view obscured by smoke—there are no manufactories here, and fire is seldom used but for the purpose of cooking. On landing, a stranger is generally surrounded by the greatest rogues in the whole country, who are all anxious to get into Master's Service as they term it, and they generally contrive to tumble master in a Palanquin and then master, I assure you, thinks himself a very great man.

A Palanquin is a large square box, with two poles at each end—at two of the sides are doors which slide; it is generally lined with silk, and has bedding made of morocco leather—the wood-work is painted and varnished like a carriage, and commonly has the owner's crest or coat of arms painted on the pannels. This is carried on the shoulders of four men, who grunt and groan all the way as if you were killing them, which circumstance always annoys a stranger not a little, but old Indians do not mind it. The strength of the bearers is quite amazing, and the journies they perform are wonderful. No one ventures out during the heat of the day, except in a Palanquin, as it would be very dangerous to do so. In the cool of the morning and evening, people commonly ride out on horseback, or go in carriages. In Calcutta there is a public ride called the Course, which is crowded every evening to excess with carriages and horsemen, and is quite another Hyde Park.

LETTER V.

ON THE RIVER GANGES.

The Horse Artillery which I am joining is a delightful corps. The uniform alone, admits the officers into all society in this fastidious country, and, by-the-by, the uniform is very handsome, the Ladies say, the handsomest in the service, and certainly the richest, as it is entirely covered with gold lace. The scenery on the Ganges is very pretty. I employ a good deal of my time in painting and drawing. Before I left Dum Dum, I commenced a new style of painting: we had a Theatre and I was one of the Scene Painters—my performances pleased me, and this is allowing a good deal, but I believe others were also pleased with them; this is very like vanity, but if I did not tell you, no other person would.—I therefore tell you every thing, with the hope that you will pardon my weaknesses, of which you must observe I have my share. The society up the Country is not nearly so large as down at Calcutta, and the Ladies make themselves wonderfully scarce.

At a ball I went to the other evening, at Ghazapore, there were about a dozen Ladies, all of whom were engaged for at least six dances. It is the fashion to engage partners a month before, and as I was a stranger, I had not the opportunity, but A—, very generously gave up one of his partners, and I had the good fortune to dance one country dance. Dances are very unfashionable in Calcutta, which is the Paris of India, and where French fashions and manners are fully as ridiculously aped as at home. The ladies are as naked, and the gentlemen's stays, as tightly laced as fashion herself could wish. There may be some excuse for ladies being thinly clothed in this country, but what excuse the dandies have for their stays I know not. The up-country stations are much more agreeable than the stiff fashionable society of Calcutta, and the manners of the People much more like that of the People at home—even the houses are more anglicized—indeed in the cold weather, when they have their carpets and fires, you might almost fancy yourself at home. At a dinner party lately at the Civil Surgeons at Kishnagur, we were honored with the presence of a native Prince, who came with an immense retinue to see us eat our dinner—there were roasted pig and ham on the table, the very touch of which is pollution to a Hindoo. He gazed with horror at the sight, but I am of opinion if His Highness

ate of it once, the pigs in his dominions would not grunt long in peace. He was very ignorant and quite a baby in his manners, but superbly drest in all the pomp of Asiatic costume. These are the men of whom we have dethroned so many, and I should like to see them all dethroned, for where ignorance and pride rule the courts, one expects little else from the people.

I met B— on the River, he is newly married, and quite altered in his appearance—very stout, yet a handsome man. His wife is a young pretty fashionable girl, of good connexions, and with interest, a thing much looked to now-a-days in marriages in this country. I will write you a long letter when I get to my destination, which will be in less than two months—giving you an account of the places I have passed through, and what I have seen remarkable in the manners and customs of the inhabitants.

Selected for the Zodiac, (never before published in this country.)

LITERARY REMUNERATIONS.

In the earlier periods of English literature, there were so few readers, that little or no profit ever accrued to an author from the sale of his works. Writing was indeed pursued as a profession as early as the reign of Elizabeth, but only, it would appear, by men of mean character and genius. Authors might then receive habitual subsistence or occasional money-gifts from the sovereign and from nobles; but of patronage from the booksellers—in other words, from the reading public, of whom the booksellers are merely the representatives—there is hardly any trace before the reign of Charles II.

One of the earliest authenticated instances of copy-money being given by previous agreement for an original work, is the celebrated case of the *Paradise Lost*, which, in April 1667, was sold by the author to Samuel Symmons, printer, for five pounds in hand, and an additional sum of five pounds to be paid at the end of the sale of thirteen hundred copies of each impression, no impression to exceed fifteen hundred. Posterity, in its real or fictitious admiration of Milton, has set down this bargain as in the highest degree disgraceful to Mr. Symmons; but when we learn that the first impression of the poem does not seem to have been fully sold off before the expiration of seven years, nor till the bookseller had given it five new title-pages, by way of whets to the public appetite,* the transaction will appear quite accordant with the natural course of things at the period. The second five pounds was received by Milton, and no further profit was realised by his family, except eight pounds, for which sum his widow, in 1680, resigned to Symmons the full copyright. The *Paradise Lost* may therefore be said to have been sold to the trade† for eighteen pounds.‡

Though the plays of Dryden, with all their faults, were fashionable, he used only to obtain about ten pounds for the copyright, of them from the booksellers, and fifty pounds for the acting. Southerne, by some unexplained good fortune, cleared seven hundred pounds by one of his plays; which being mentioned to Dryden, the veteran dramatist remarked, that it was six hundred more than he had ever made by any such composition. By his translation of Virgil, partly through subscription-copies, and partly by the price of the ultimate copyright, Dryden cleared twelve hundred pounds, which must be considered as one of the first considerable sums gained in England by literary labor. He had occasion, however, to

* Retrospective Review, xiv. 298.

† The booksellers, having much commercial intercourse with each other, have acquired a habit of terming themselves *the trade*, in contradistinction to the public.

‡ Sir Walter Scott, in his *Life of Dryden*, remarks, that probably the trade had no very good bargain. The copyright, however, afterwards fell into the hands of Jacob Tonson, who, according to D'Israeli, rode in his carriage from the profits.

complain that Tonson took advantage of him, by giving him clipped and counterfeit money, which seems to have then abounded. He bargained with this bookseller to furnish ten thousand verses of imitations of Chaucer and Boccaccio (since called his Fables) for a miscellany, by Tonson, at two hundred and fifty guineas, to be made up to three hundred pounds on the publication of a second edition; being rather less than six pence per verse. In spring 1699, when grown old and feeble through the over-study required for his subsistence, he had completed seven thousand five hundred verses, or three-fourths of the task. He then had a quarrel with his publisher respecting the work, and found it necessary to satisfy the tradesmen by throwing his Ode for St. Cecilia's Day into the bargain—for which, by the way, he received forty pounds from the musical society for whom it was composed. Tonson, though described as a worthy man in his professional capacity, seems, to have been a sordid reckoner with men of genius. He once complained to Dryden that he had received fourteen hundred and forty-six lines of his translation of Ovid for his Miscellany for fifty guineas, when he had calculated at the rate of fifteen hundred and eighteen lines for forty guineas; and he mentioned that he had deemed himself to have had a better bargain with Juvenal, "which is reckoned not so easy to translate as Ovid."* Dryden was provoked by these squabbles to satirise him in a coarse descriptive verse; but Tonson seems to have also held the poet in some terror by his powers of invective, though they were only exercised in plain prose. Lord Bolingbroke was sitting with Dryden, when another person was heard to enter the house. "This," said Dryden, "is Tonson: you will take care not to depart before he goes away; for I have not completed the sheet which I promised him; and if you leave me unprotected, I shall suffer all the rudeness to which his resentment can prompt his tongue."†

Pope gained twelve hundred pounds by the Iliad, and six hundred for that half of the Odyssey which he translated, besides all the copies for his subscribers, by which he must have gained a considerable additional sum. His friends Browne and Fenton had respectively five hundred and three hundred pounds for the portions of the latter poem which they translated under his superintendence.‡ By means of the profits of this work, added to his private fortune, this celebrated poet could latterly live at the rate of five hundred a-year. It was proposed to give him a pension of three hundred pounds, which would have enabled him to add a carriage to his other comforts; but he declined the gift.

Gay cleared four hundred pounds by his *Beggars' Opera*, and eleven or twelve hundred by the second part, which is now forgotten. He was so negligent in the management of his purse, that his patron, the Duke of Queensberry, with whom he lived for several years, thought it necessary to take his money into keeping, and only let him have what was necessary out of it: by which means he died possessed of three thousand pounds—certainly an enormous fortune for a poet. Goldsmith died nearly the same sum in debt. That delightful writer, but simple man, received sixty pounds for his *Vicar of Wakefield*, at a time when he was little known as an author. On his name becoming more celebrated, he gained what would still be reckoned considerable sums by his writings. For three various abridged histories of England, two of which continue to be used in schools, he received about eight hundred pounds. For a small and hastily compiled selection of English poetry, with short critical notices, he received two hundred pounds, and for his *History of the Earth and Animated Nature*, eight hundred and fifty. In one year, toward the close of

his improvident life, Goldsmith received no less than eighteen hundred pounds from the booksellers.§

Robinson Crusoe, Burn's *Justice of the Peace*, and Buchan's *Domestic Medicine*, are instances of books sold for small sums, and from which large ones were made. The publisher of Defoe's admirable fiction, who was said to be not a man of discernment, but of a speculative turn, gained a thousand pounds by it, and the two remaining books produced large annual incomes to the happy individuals who had bought them.* The novel of Tom Jones was, to use a modern literary phrase, dragged through the trade, and in danger of general rejection, when its merit was discerned by the wife of Millar the bookseller, who, upon her recommendation, offered three hundred pounds for it; ultimately the author realized seven hundred pounds by this work.† When the London booksellers resolved to publish an uniform edition of the Poets, and applied to Dr. Johnson for biographical prefaces, two hundred guineas was the price put by himself upon his labour: Mr. Malone observes, that the booksellers, in the course of twenty-five years, have probably got five thousand. Miss Burney obtained only five pounds for her clever novel of *Evelina*; but such was the influence of the reputation which she acquired by that and subsequent works, that by one of her last novels she realized three thousand.‡

Hume and Robertson, after becoming known, obtained what must appear as comparatively high prices for their works. The first portion of the *History of England*, embracing the reigns of the Stuarts, and filling two volumes in quarto, was sold for only two hundred pounds; but for the remainder five thousand were obtained. Robertson sold his first work, the *History of Scotland*, for six hundred pounds, and obtained for his second four thousand five hundred,§ supposed to be the largest sum which had up to that time been paid for the copyright of any single book. It must be remembered, however, that this latter work was Charles V., and cost the labor of nearly nine years. Gibbon had six thousand pounds for his *Decline and Fall*—the work of a lifetime, and which

§ See the excellent *Life of Goldsmith* prefixed to the British Library edition of his miscellaneous works. The same author, we observe, has lately published (Fraser and Co. Edinburgh) a *Life of Mungo Park*, the traveller, distinguished by equal industry, taste, and good feeling.

* D'Israeli's *Calamities*.

† Scott's *Life of Fielding*.—It is to be regretted that the following characteristic anecdote, which appears in the *Gentleman's Magazine* for 1786, has not found a place in this or any other biography of Fielding with which we are acquainted. Some parochial taxes upon his house in Beaufort Buildings had been so long due, and so often applied for in vain, that the collector, who had an esteem for him, at last gave him information that the payment could no longer be procrastinated. Fielding, thus urged, took the sheets of an unfinished work to Tonson the bookseller, and raised ten or twelve guineas upon them, by way of mortgage. He was returning with the money in his pocket, when, just as he was approaching his own house, he met an old college friend, whom he had not seen for some years. The warmest mutual interrogatories passed between them, and Fielding was soon informed that his friend had fallen into indigent circumstances. He immediately proposed that they should dine together in a neighboring tavern, to which the other gratefully assented. The dinner and wines were excellent—the heart of the novelist grew still warmer under the influence of the good cheer—the conversation became delightful, or was but little saddened by the melancholy tale of the guest, into whose pocket Fielding hesitated not a moment to empty his own. Arrived at home, his sister, who had awaited his return with the greatest anxiety, questioned him as to the cause of his stay. Fielding began to relate the felicitous rencontre, when the lady cut him short with the intelligence that the collector had called twice during his absence. His reply was laconic, but only on that account the more memorable: "Friendship," said he, "has called for the money and had it—let the collector call again." A second application to Tonson furnished him with the means of pacifying his creditor.

‡ Biographical Dictionary of Living Authors, London, 1816.

§ Creech's *Edinburgh Fugitive Pieces*, p. 70.

had probably cost him more for the library which served as the materials. We must esteem the inferior labor of Smollett as better paid: that writer, for the first four quartos of his *Complete History of England*, composed in fourteen months, received fifteen hundred pounds, and for the remainder five hundred.¶ Blair sold the first volume of his sermons for a hundred pounds, which the publishers afterwards voluntarily doubled; and the price which he received for the remainder is stated to have been the highest ever given for a work of that kind,¶ though this is probably incorrect, as at the close of the preceding century, Tillotson's Sermons were sold by his widow, whose only provision they were, for two thousand five hundred guineas.

In our own times, the more eminent literary men have gained large sums by their writings. Lord Byron received two thousand one hundred pounds for the Fourth Canto of *Childe Harold*, and fifteen thousand for the whole of his poetry. Sir Walter Scott received for the *Lay of the Last Minstrel* six hundred pounds, for *Marmion* one thousand guineas,* and three times that sum, it is said, for some of his later poems. The sums which he gained—it can hardly be said, realised—by his novels were very large; and the magnificence of his transactions with his publisher may be inferred from the fact of his publisher, Mr. Constable, having made him a present of a handsome cast-iron verandah or walk, skirting his house of Abbotsford, at the expense of a thousand pounds. Mr. Campbell was indebted, like Fielding, to female taste for the publication of his *Pleasures of Hope*. Messrs. Mundell were induced, by the approbation bestowed upon it by their sister, to publish it, and to allow the author fifty copies, by way of compliment, rather than as the consideration of copyright. On the success of the work so greatly exceeding their expectations, they gave the poet a handsome present, and at the expiration of the first fourteen years, a change having taken place in the law of literary property, he sold his right in the remaining period, or his life time, for a thousand guineas. This admired poet received fifteen hundred guineas for his *Gertrude*, after it had been six years published. The aggregate poems of Crabbe were purchased by Mr. Murray in 1819 for three thousand pounds; and Mr. Moore has a salary of five hundred a-year for his *Irish Melodies*. During the last few years the continental booksellers have begun to imitate the English in their munificence to literary men. The works of Goethe were purchased for thirty thousand crowns, those of Chateaubriand for half a million of francs.†

We have thus brought together some of the most remarkable anecdotes of literary remuneration, in order to introduce a few observations on the destinies and status of literary men. It must be evident, we think, from these examples, that, though the gain of literary toil has sometimes been surprisingly high, there has never been, in this business, any such certainty of adequate remuneration as generally attends most of the ordinary occupations. It is proved, in our opinion, that the pecuniary result of literary labor is entirely accidental, and may or may not depend on the merit of the author and his work. The first and best production may, like *Evelina*, bring only five pounds, and the last and perhaps worst, three thousand; the bookseller possibly risking more in the one case than in the other. Or a small school-book, composed in a month, may (as was the case with Vyse's *Spelling-Book*) be sold at two thousand two hundred pounds, with a life annuity of fifty pounds to the author; while a work of the greatest labour and value, like Mr. Tytler's *History of Scotland*, may languish in consequence of its hardly paying the expenses of publication. A work of talent may be so small that no price calculated to remuner-

* Calamities of Authors, i. 30.

† Scott's *Life of Dryden*.

‡ Spence's *Anecdotes of Books and Men*.

¶ Anderson's *Life of Smollett*.

¶ So stated by Mr. Creech.

* Miss Seward's Letters.

† German Conversations Lexicon.

ate the author can be put upon it, or so large that, to tempt the public to buy, the least possible advance must be made upon the cost of paper and print. It may appeal to so narrow a class, that the sale, instead of remunerating, leaves a loss; while a book of little labor or merit may be so well adapted to popular taste as to sell extensively, and be very productive. Such are the difficulties which beset those who propose to benefit mankind by original researches and effusions, by works of genius and labour; and the consequence is, that the world obtains the service of such men, not by any steady system of remuneration—though that, no doubt, is often given—but through the enthusiasm of self-devoting and unreflecting minds, or the aid of private fortunes and common professional pursuits.

Among the professional pursuits to which the highest class of men of talent resort for bread, while prosecuting or wishing to prosecute their favorite labours, is that of literature itself. Many men qualified to "oblige" the world with productions of distinguished and permanent excellence, are compelled to "narrow their mind," and, as newspaper writing occupies not a few, we may as well add the remainder of the quotation, "to partly give up what was meant for mankind." The incomes realised by writing for the political press and for literary periodicals, as well as in the department which may be called the modification of knowledge, are in numerous instances sufficient to support a man on a level with the middle class of tradesmen; but too often the labour is of an oppressive and exhausting kind, calculated to embitter and shorten the life of its votary, and rarely allowing any application to the higher tasks originally, and in most cases so fondly contemplated.† In short, the more we inquire into the case of literary men, the more we shall be convinced that no regular system exists for affording them remunerations proportioned to the value of their exertions.—They cannot by any device or exercise of prudence make sure of combining a high standard of service to mankind, with a regard for their own current means of subsistence.

Mr. D'Israeli, and the ingenious author quoted below, have eloquently questioned the justice of this state of things, and certainly there cannot be many cases more offensive to our conscientiousness than that which is so common in the annals of literature,—a man of genius starving over the production of a work which is to delight his fellow-creatures for all time. To proposals for regularly succouring and pensioning men of talent, the objection constantly arises, that the possession of a competency would reduce them to idleness. But surely upon minds aiming at the nobler kinds of exertions, such a circumstance would have no effect. A more formidable objection lies in the difficulty which would generally be experienced in deciding upon the prospective value of any man's exertions. Are we to await to give our help till the long and severe task has been accomplished, and perhaps see the generous labourer sink in his course? Or we are rashly to take every man at his word, and perhaps pension a tribe of unproductive imbeciles? Perhaps it might not be impossible, without attempting any systematic arrangement, for a judicious government not only to give rewards appropriate to past exertions, but occasionally, upon proper representations, to afford succour to individuals who, under the influence of the higher motives only but with inadequate means, are struggling to leave an inheritance to their kind. Some errors might attend a practice of this kind, but the amount of good result would be much greater; and we should be very much mistaken indeed if

the nation were to grudge such a direction of a small portion of its funds. *Chambers' Journal.*

Selected for the Zodiac, (never before published in this country.)

COLUMN FOR FATHERS OF FAMILIES.

The number of instances daily occurring of fathers of families being put to considerable trouble and expense—nay, of having their hearts broken—in consequence of the conduct of their children, induces me to say a few words by way of friendly advice to individuals who already are or may happen to be so circumstanced.

Fathers of families may be divided into two classes—those who have nothing, and those who have something. A poor and industrious man who has nothing to give, or little of which he can be plundered, has generally little to fear from his family. Besides supporting his children during infancy, he has only to give them a plain education consistent with his means, and then, after seeing them put to some honest calling, which will in time support them, leave them in a great measure to shift for themselves. Parents so circumstanced have thus little annoyance to dread. Provided they have done their duty to their offspring in respect to admonition and education, as well as set before them a good example for their imitation, they have done all that can be required at their hands. If their children after all this go astray, the parents cannot be blamed; they are worthy of our sympathy and commiseration, but not obnoxious to our reproach. The class of fathers who have the most difficult part to act are those who have something.—Of this order there are innumerable varieties. One has a business producing a pretty good current revenue; another has a tolerably comfortable situation with a fixed salary; and a third has retired from the busy scenes of life with a competency—as much, I shall say, as will keep him and his wife, and perhaps one or two junior branches of his family, in comfort during the remainder of his existence. It is chiefly persons who are placed in these or similar circumstances that are subject to vexation from their families. When they began life themselves, they were obliged to undergo many privations, perhaps suffer not a few contumelies, as they thought them, before they attained any thing like a condition of comparative repose. The reason for their having undergone such a probation was, that they had nothing to look for from their parents, and so were compelled to rely on their own resources. But the same reason does not hold good with respect to their sons. These sons are in the first place nurtured in a superior manner; they are better fed, lodged, clothed, and educated, than their fathers were at their age. It is natural they should be so, and there is no harm in it, provided the subsequent conduct be conformable. It would appear to be next to impossibility for fathers in easy circumstances to give their children a share of the comforts they enjoy, and at the same time bring them up with the notions which they themselves had when they were young. And here lies the chief point for consideration. The class of fathers I am speaking of, have either fortunes to give their children, who will on that account be put beyond the necessity for particular exertion, or they have not. I believe, ninety-nine cases in the hundred, they have not. They have a little more than a competency for their own use. In such a case, difficult as the task may be, fathers have a clear line of duty chalked out for them to follow.

Boys, as they grow up, have a wonderful aptitude in catching up the idea of their fathers having money. If they see him always well dressed, living in what they think a superb kind of a house, and his whole system of management more lavish than that of his neighbors, then they consider him to be a rich man, one who has plenty, and that he can well afford to bring them up gentlemen. Perhaps they have no decided disinclination to try to do something for

themselves; but what they do must be done in a genteel way: they have no objection to be put to some refined profession, in which they will be able to live without any kind of drudgery. Boys pick up ideas of this kind very early, and it should be the object of the father who wishes to see them pursue an honorable and honest career, to counteract such notions ere they have become too strong to be unmanageable. In following this line of duty, the father should commence with studying the disposition and abilities of his sons, after which he will bestow on them an education suitable to these qualifications. In judging of their abilities, it is of great consequence that fathers do not confound the qualification of a good memory with talent. I have known many boys who were reckoned exceedingly clever, simply from their being able to get any kind of a lesson quickly by heart; which was a complete fallacy. Memory may go along with genius, but it has no absolute connection with it; as a proof of which, it may be remarked that the boys who stand first at school are frequently left far behind in the struggle of life by boys who stood for years at the foot of their class. If we were to inquire into the biographies of distinguished individuals, we should discover that comparatively few of them had been "good scholars"—that is, had memories to repeat lessons by rote.

But the father will do more than study the natural abilities of his sons, in giving them a proper education—he will put them through such a course of instruction as appears suitable to the profession they have a chance to follow. I should imagine, for instance, that a knowledge of Latin and Greek is of less consequence to a young man who is to follow the business of a brewer, than a knowledge of chemistry and natural philosophy. Unfortunately, down almost to the present time, little or no attention has been paid to this arrangement; the consequence is, that science, comparatively speaking, is only beginning to bear upon the different branches of our manufactures, and bearing upon them not through the agency of an educated middle class, but through a self-instructed body of intelligent mechanics.

Having set his boys to a course of education conformable to their abilities and prospects, it behoves the father to make them aware of the important fact, that they will soon have to depend on themselves.—This can be told in many different ways, and enforced without having recourse to any thing like severity. There is a difference betwixt being firm and being harsh. Admonitions of this nature, to be of use, must be consistent with the whole tenor of a man's conduct. It will serve little purpose for a father to be profuse one day and sordid the next—to be at one time excessively lax in discipline, and at another time as much the reverse. A father should maintain the most friendly intercourse with his sons, and should encourage them to seek his advice and direction, and try all means to give them confidence in the opinions he delivers. He should also convince them that what he says, he will perform; for if they ever arrive at the conclusion that what he tells them about their depending on themselves is said merely to frighten them, then his case is pitiable indeed.

The class of fathers I am alluding to, very commonly fall into the serious and almost irretrievable error of being at one time over strict in the management of their sons, and at another far too indulgent. According to a popular phrase, "they allow them to get the better of them." If such be the case, the day is too surely lost. The misery which is endured by many heads of families, in consequence of the behaviour of their sons, may in most instances be traced to inconsistency of management, if not to systematic over-indulgence. They appear very ordinarily to act upon the principle that they cannot do enough for their families, particularly their sons—daughters being held in much less estimation, or overlooked in consequence of their generally unobtrusive behavior.

† The miseries which beset this class are depicted with vigour, though perhaps in a somewhat exaggerated manner, in a work entitled "Exposition of the False Medium and Barriers excluding Men of Genius from the Public." London, Effingham Wilson, 1833.

I, for one, cannot coincide in the idea that a father should necessarily ruin himself, or be compelled to resort to a mean style of living, merely to make his family fine ladies and gentlemen. One generation has no right to live upon the fruits of the industry of another. There is a reasonable boundary beyond which parental support ought not to be carried. If it proceed farther, an error is committed, and the foundation of an evil is laid, which will in time produce pain and humiliation. It is an incontrovertible truth that wealth to be enjoyed must be earned. Indeed, it is in the earning, not in the actual possession, that the pleasure lies. The man, therefore, who by his miscalculated indulgence confers wealth upon his children, deprives them of the only pleasure which wealth can give—the delight of overcoming difficulties to reach it. He may make them opulent, and if naturally temperate in their habits, they may experience a certain amount of happiness; but in general they would be much more happy by being left to struggle onward like their predecessors. It is at least certain, that by this progress of self-dependence and exertion, their faculties, moral and intellectual, would be more highly sharpened, and their feelings of thankfulness more largely developed.

Fathers of families with sons approaching maturity cannot lay these things too seriously to heart. If, after a life of honest industry, they have attained that which will permit them to permit them to spend the remainder of their days in contented retirement, they will act with extreme injustice both towards themselves and the objects of their bounty, if they from time to time divest themselves of their means to satisfy the craving necessities of imprudent or petulant children. If they have placed their sons in a way of gaining a livelihood, as they themselves were obliged to gain it, they have done quite enough; and they will be wrong if they try to do more. Instances are far from uncommon in which fathers who had retired from business with small competencies were utterly ruined by attempting to prop up their sons in the various concerns in which they engaged. Often, under such circumstances, have they been compelled in their old age to begin the world anew, and spend the conclusion of their days with the bitter reflection, that, in bringing themselves into a state of misery, they had done no good whatever in their attempts to save their offspring from ultimate ruin.

Judging from the numerous melancholy instances of this nature which have fallen under my own observation, I am of opinion that the misbehavior and misfortunes of sons may generally be traced to the mismanagement of their parents. Having a few pounds to spare, they become possessed with the vain notion of making their sons gentlemen. Taking no warning from the splendid misery so widely spread around them—regarding not the circumstances of thousands of individuals living but in name on professional pursuits—lawyers and divines, soldiers and physicians, with barely the means of subsistence—they recklessly adopt the means of adding their sons to the list. That many fathers of families who act in this manner are chargeable with the ruin of their children, there can be no doubt. Yet, after all, in reference to universal good, it is perhaps wrong to condemn this failing too severely. It acts most beneficially towards the humbler and less vain portion of the community. It clears the path to fortune for the sons of the poor. It leaves the extensive and lucrative departments of trade, commerce, and manufactures, to be freely occupied by individuals who might possibly find a difficulty in competing with persons of superior education and fortune. In accomplishing this end, it has the effect of producing a generalisation of wealth over the various classes of society—raises the poor to opulence, and reduces the opulent to poverty—brightens the prospects of the industrious artizan, and makes the heart of the widow in her lonely dwelling to sing for joy.

Chamber's Journal.

[For the Zodiac.]

There are some terms in common acceptation among mankind, which admit of logical definition, but which are so universally understood, that, to attempt an explanation of their meaning, would seem to require an apology. Among these may be classed duration, thought, magnitude, and number; terms, which the most vulgar can understand, but which the most profound philosopher would fail to fathom or define. He may substitute synonymous terms, but all attempt at logical definition will be founded upon hypothesis, and throw darkness rather than light upon their real meaning.

Another term, of which every one has within his own mind a distinct conception, which is in common use among all classes of society, but which baffles all attempt of language to describe, is *Power*. That it is not an object of the external senses, is evident.—We map see, and hear, and feel its effects, observation and experience may give us, in part the cause which produce these effects, but the medium, by which they were directly produced, the power which was instrumental in causing such results, is hid behind the scene; it is shrouded in mystery, which human vision cannot penetrate. Consciousness can give us no knowledge of its nature, it is only with the operations of our own minds that consciousness is concerned, but power cannot be said to be an operation of the mind; besides the very term would be contradictory. No one was ever conscious of power. He may be conscious of the effects of power, in the same manner as he may see, and hear, and feel its effects, but consciousness can no more unveil the mysteries of this indefinable existence than the external senses can. Surely then, the power of man is utterly inadequate to fathom his own power. We may, however, from some opinion of its nature, trace its effects, and contemplate the limited extent of human power compared with the omnipotence of the Deity.

It has been maintained by some, that power has a real existence independent of all cause and effect, altho our conceptions of it are allowed to be only relative. But, from the fact of our having no conception of it, except through the medium of its effects or exertions, it seems a just inference, that it has in reality only a relative existence. It was formerly believed that heat in bodies had a positive existence, and that matter was composed of a certain indefinable something independent of its qualities, although our conceptions of both these, can be only relative. These theories are now nearly exploded, and it has been discovered that could we take from a particle of matter its indestructibility, extension, divisibility, impenetrability and inertia, nothing would be left for further investigation but empty space. So with power. When not in exercise, I cannot conceive how it can be in existence. How a person can be said to have power to speak, when he is silent, or to walk, when he sits still, is to me, a mystery. True, he has the material organs necessary for performing these acts, but until volition determines their necessity, every thing necessary for their performance is not furnished, how then can he be said to have power to perform them? No sooner is the power adequate to perform an act possessed, than the act is accomplished, for what can power be but the agent acting, in the same way as thought is the mind thinking? A distinction was formerly made between active and passive power, or in later days, power and susceptibility, the one denoting a capacity of producing, the other of undergoing change. Admitting that power has a real existence, this must be a distinction without a difference, for what is termed passive power, necessarily implies action, or it would be no power, and what is susceptibility but a power or capacity of existing in a certain state under certain circumstances?

On the supposition, however, that power has only a relative existence, all minor distinctions of this kind are done away.

Power is often ascribed to inanimate objects, as when we speak of a body descending to earth by the power of gravitation, or fluoric acid possessing the power to corrode glass, or atmospheric air having power to convey sound, terms which cannot, in the strictest sense, be true, as there can be no power apart from understanding and volition. That they are intended to be understood in the popular, not the strict sense is evident, from the fact, that these very philosophers who ascribe to matter the power of gravitation, at the same time assert that it is altogether inert and therefore passive. To animate beings alone then, is power in the true sense of the term properly applied.

As man is placed by his Creator at the head of all the other orders of beings with which we are acquainted, we find him endowed with powers proportionally superior to theirs. Though he is surpassed by some of them in bodily strength and muscular energy, the infinitely superior mental powers bestowed upon him, more than counter balance this disparity.

Human power can be estimated only by noticing its effects. Its most immediate effect is confined to man himself.

Placed as he is, in a world where all nature around him is constantly changing, how wise the provision that he is not stationary. His mortal body, the tenement of the immortal spirit can receive and communicate motion, its muscles expand and contract, its nerves become the avenues to the mind within, of new sensations, perceptions, and ideas, its organs can again convey these ideas to the world without, renovated and improved and thus prepared to employ the service of still more material organs in fulfilling designs resulting from their visit to the world within, all from the simple exercise of power.

On the operations of his mind too, constant changes are wrought by his own power. By it, his thoughts may be regulated and controlled to a great extent.—At one moment concentrating them all upon a given subject, and at the same time barring all intruders from their domains; at the next ordering their succession by regular laws, discarding such as are useless, and arranging those whose presence is desired within their appropriate range of excursion, human power can almost rule the mighty workings of the immortal mind. What power can do for individual character in an intellectual point of view may be seen by comparing the educated man with a savage. If there be any superiority in the one above the other; in case the mind, the every thought of each, might, as in a mirror, be reflected back upon the eye, if one should seem more bright, his thoughts more fitted to the exalted nature God has given, more like the Being, who the power of thought bestowed, 'tis power that wro't that difference. Perhaps you say, 'tis knowledge.—answer, we believe the oft repeated maxim; "knowledge is power." The remote effects of power are much more evident and extensive than those we have considered as immediate, yet the latter are uniformly attendant upon the former. Like the waters of a mighty river, they may traverse vast regions of country, carrying life and joy to multitudes, speaking peace to nations in their course, or else spreading misery and woe, with proud and angry wave, contending with contending man. Yet, trace this river to its source, 'tis but a little rill. So take the loftiest flight of human power, we find its starting point the power its subject gained upon himself. This was the basis upon which the immortal Newton stood, from which he rose, not dazzled by a meteor's gleam, or floating in regions of fancy or of mystery unknown, but guided by the polar star of truth, ever keeping reason and judgment on his side, with all the mighty power of a well disciplined mind. Knowing the finite boundary which surrounded it, he measured the distance of planets, calculated their periods, estimated their form, density and bulk and subordinated all their intricate movements to the simple yet sublime agency

of one commanding principle. Who have wielded more power over the minds of men than an Aristotle, a Bacon, a Locke or a Shakespeare? But it was by power over their own minds alone, that their empire over other minds was gained. Think you an Alexander, a Bonaparte or a Julius Cesar ruled not themselves in body and in mind, when the remembrance and the effects of their power will descend to the remotest ages of posterity?

The effects of human power are visible upon the material system of nature. Man cannot change the seasons as they roll, or alter for a moment the aspect of nature above him, but he can cause great changes upon the planet he inhabits. By his power, countless treasures of minerals and metals stored beneath its surface have been discovered and made to contribute to his happiness and comfort. In Agriculture great changes are brought by human power upon the soil we tread. Where once the wild beasts, roared amid a howling wilderness, the happy freeman rears his home, he claims the land his own, and with a skill, a power possessed by man alone, changes its rough and barren face to such a garden of enchantment rare, you never could have dreamed it once had been a wilderness. Both the useful and the fine arts owe their origin in part to human power. By these, our earth has been as it were converted into a palace fitted for the abode of the happy and the blest.

The power of man has drawn the lightning from its hidingplace of clouds, and made it rend the stones and rocks of earth. By it the atmosphere has been analysed and all the wonderful properties of its component parts exhibited in their separate states. By the help of his compass, the mariner is enabled to guide his course amid ocean's fiercest waves, and through the inventions of human power, to transport his little bark, from one extremity of the globe to the other.

By the application of steam as a mechanical agent what velocity of movement both on land and water has been obtained? By the invention of the Telescope, the most astonishing displays of omnipotence have been presented to us in the world which lies beyond the reach of human vision, and the Microscope has unfolded no less inconceivable examples of infinite wisdom in the world beneath. Thus, while the power of man, on the one hand enables us, by the assistance of its inventions, to rise and view the countless orbs in yonder vault of Heaven, it shows with no less accuracy in the falling drop of dew upon the morning flower, myriads of beings, that have life and motion, and space in which to live and move, and air to breathe. The discoveries made by the power of man have indeed turned the elements of nature into his service, and as it would seem, have almost endowed him with creative power. But no, this is the sole prerogative of a being of infinite power. Vast as may be the effect of human power, it has a limit. There is a boundary it cannot pass,—elated with the greatness of his own power, man has but to glance at the omnipotence of the deity to feel that amid the immensity of God's works, he is but an atom. Does he attempt to fathom that omnipotence? How vain the thought! Let him but cast his eye abroad. Let him contemplate for a moment only the vast quantity of matter contained in the universe, and his finite mind is bewildered, in its conceptions, his imagination overpowered, and he is lost in wonder and astonishment. Even the magnitude of the little globe we inhabit, can be conceived by no one comprehensive grasp. The vast extent of its surface, the enormous mass of materials of which it is composed, the variety of objects with which it is diversified, its lofty mountains towering to the clouds, its subterraneous caverns and stately forests, the unfathomable depths of its oceans, and the immense variety of animated beings with which it is stored, can be but indistinctly comprehended by the loftiest human mind. Much

less can that mind comprehend the magnitude of the infinity of worlds which surround us, compared with which our earth bears no more proportion, than a single grain of sand, to all the matter contained in our solar system. Yet all these by the word of the Almighty, emerged from nothing into existence, and are supported from age to age. "He spake and it was done; He commanded and it stood fast." Does finite man attempt to comprehend omnipotence?—Let him cast his eye within, let him tell where thought is formed and how? let him reveal the workings of the mind and tell of what 'tis formed, what its connexion with the mortal frame, and what shall be its future dwelling place, when earth returns to earth, and dust to dust! Say you the search is vain?—Then tell me, vain presumptuous man, if thine eye fails to search thy mind, of what that eye is formed! tell me its wondrous powers, show me its nature if thou canst, how it receives the light of day, how it conveys sensation to the soul, how it shall close in death's long sleep, how it shall yet revive again when at the resurrection morn, the soul and spirit join in one! Does thy power fail thee here? Then learn thy frailty, man! and own thy God omnipotent, nor dare attempt to fathom his infinitude!

CITHERA.

[For the Zodiac.]

THE NATURALIST'S EVERY DAY BOOK.

JULY, 1835.

Wednesday, 1st.—The season has now arrived when the excessive heats of summer may naturally be expected to prevail, and when the atmosphere, teeming with electricity, most frequently seeks relief in repeated lightnings, attended with copious rains: by that means purifying itself, and cooling the earth's surface with refreshing showers. But the month of July is by no means to be considered as deprived of its interests or its varied enjoyments, for the voice of the reapers, and the sound of the scythe and the sickle are now heard in the fields. The new mown hay fills the evening air with its delicious fragrance, and the husbandman, reaping the rich reward of all his toils and cares, gathers in the green and yellow harvest. And although the numerous productions of Flora, which variegated and beautified the preceding month have passed away, or are yet yielding their seed, their places are occupied by those of a more hardy and durable nature, belonging chiefly to the composite order of plants, whilst many of them are daily ripening into the most grateful and delicious fruits. But the music of the field and the forest is now no more heard, for the sprightly songsters have ceased their melody altogether, or, so greatly modified their notes, that the sounds no longer excite in our minds those exquisite sensations of pleasure which they produced in the earlier days of summer. Now and then, however, the plaintive and never varying notes of the whip-poor-will may again be heard from some secluded recess of the forest, borne far away through the silence of the evening air, and so mellowed by the distance, that they reach the ear in strains by no means unpleasing. Numberless beetles can also now be seen, "wheeling their drowsy flight" in the evening gloom, along the rich meadows and through the light copse-wood, whilst the flitting bats, issuing from their sunless retreat in some lone cave, silently circle in the night air, in eager pursuit of the various insects that are then abroad, yielding an ample repast to sustain them through their listless inactivity of the approaching day.

Erratum.—*Musca carnaria*, should be inserted in the place of *Stomoxys calcitrans*, Fab: in Wednesday the 3d of the preceding month.

Thursday, 2d.—To-day I had an opportunity of observing what might with propriety be considered a close approximation to reason, rather than to the operations of animal instinct, in a beautiful species of

Sphex, now very common in our gardens. The manner in which this mother insect prepares her habitation and stores it for the necessities of her future progeny is rather curious. Having selected some clay bank most suitable to her purpose, with her powerful jaws and nails alone, she speedily excavates a cell in the hard earth, far disproportionate to her size—being several inches in depth—into which she carefully places an egg, and then prudently deposits with it the carcase of some insect, exactly proportionate to the food required by the larva, to sustain it through its succeeding change. Then it breaks through the entrance which she had so anxiously secured, and emerges into the open day a perfect Sphex. The female that I saw to-day had just seized, in its fancied security, the formidable spider from its web, and having deprived it of existence by a puncture from her venomous sting, was making repeated and unsuccessful attempts to bear it to her cell. The spider was quite a large one, and was hanging with its back beneath, the two fore feet being firmly secured in the manibles of the sphex, whilst the remaining four projecting in such a manner far above her abdomen, as materially to obstruct the free motion of her wings. After considerable perseverance, the true nature of the impediment appeared suddenly to occur, when she immediately descended to the earth, and deliberately proceeded to remove successively the obstacles and seizing her prey as before, soon bore it away triumphantly on her course.

In the after-part of the day, a thin yellow mist began to disseminate through the sky, and as the sun set, it disappeared from the horizon shorn of its rays. When the moon appeared she was tinged with a golden hue, indicative of dry sultry weather.

Friday, 3d.—The yellow vapour still continues spread through the heavens, and the weather has become exceedingly warm, with little or no wind stirring.

To-day I procured from a partially decayed piece of wood, which had remained for several months in an adjoining wood-house, a neat and beautiful specimen of the Genus *Anobia* of Latreille. The singular faculty that some of these insects possess in the larva state, of extracting nutriment from the driest wood is truly astonishing; the timbers of a building which have been excluded from the influence of the atmosphere for more than a century, are just as much to their taste as though it was yet thriving in the forest, and the larva of one of the species has been known to subsist for months on the ligneous fibres of a chair, which had been baked for fifty years before the fire, from which the art of the chemist could scarcely obtain a particle of moisture, and still its body was as well filled with fluids as those of any of the caterpillars which daily fed on the green leaves of vegetables. It is one of the species of this genus (*A. tessellatum*, Fab:) which has so frequently created alarm in the minds of the superstitious vulgar, by the ticking noise it occasionally produces in the dry timbers of dwellings, and which has gained for it the terrific appellation of the "Death Watch," having been supposed, whenever it was heard, to forebode the death of some individual of the family, and that too, before the expiration of the year. It has now been ascertained that the sound in question is merely intended as a call to its mate.

This evening brilliant and beautiful coruscations were visible in the N. W. quarter of the horizon.

Saturday, 4th.—The weather is yet very warm with gentle puffs of wind from the west. Just about noon it shifted suddenly to the northwest, from whence proceeded copious and refreshing showers, accompanied by high winds, lightnings, and heavy peals of thunder.

Cherries and the red raspberry may now be considered ripe. They were hawked through the streets in considerable quantities during the course of the day.

The beautiful willow butterfly (*Vanessa Antiopa*, Leach :) remains fourteen days in the chrysalis before it emerges the perfect fly. Several of the Caterpillars I fed for some time in my room, all of which suspended themselves in that state on the twentieth of last month, and this afternoon they successively made their appearance, flying about in all their splendour. This Butterfly is very common in this Country, and differs from the English specimens, in having the posterior wing-margins beautifully bordered with yellow, instead of light straw colour, and being destitute also of the central spot on the second pair of wings.

The small illuminated balloons sent up in the evenings from the various places of amusement in the city, afford us an excellent opportunity of observing the direction of the winds in the superior regions of the air. One this evening arose magnificently, and proceeded with great velocity for some time towards the Northeast, when, as it continued to ascend, it kept gradually changing its course, drawing point after point, until it reach a Southeastern direction, and which it kept until it became lost amid the clouds.

Sunday, 5th.—A great number of specimens of the Willow Butterfly emerged to-day from the pupa into the perfect state, and as soon as they became sufficiently prepared to range the fields, they invariably discharged a drop of a reddish fluid, very much in appearance like that of blood. These blood-like drops have not unfrequently been the cause of a great deal of terror and alarm in some parts of Europe; a very interesting account of an event of this kind is given by the celebrated Ræmer.

Monday, 6th.—I obtained to-day a mutilated specimen of the soft-shell tortoise, (*Trionyx ferox*, Le Conte,) which had been captured by a fishing party under the Cohoes Falls on the Mohawk river. It measured seven and a half inches in length, and was of a palish green colour. The dusky spots scattered over its back were also fewer in number and of a much lighter hue than any that I had hitherto seen. It was taken with a hook baited with a portion of a small fish. The propriety of its specific name, *ferox*, has been much questioned by recent naturalists, in consequence of its seldom having exhibited a disposition to bite; however, I am told, that in the West they have been known to do so, and that too, severely, and I myself had an opportunity of witnessing a large one from Cayuga Lake in this state, dart out its head ferociously at a dog which had been purposely brought near, and take from its side a mouthful of hair in the attempt.

The *Cyclas dubia* of Say is occasionally found in the canal at this place, but is far from being a common inhabitant of the place. The *C. rhomboidea* is found a few miles from the city in the Normans-Kill in company with the other species.

The *Polanisia graveolea* Raf: is very abundant along the margin of the river, the flowers have a very singular odour. The one-leaved cancer root, (*Orobancha uniflora*, Linn:) is also quite common on the sides of shady ravines, and also the cow wheat, (*Melampyrum Americanum*, Mich:) The *Utricularia gibba*, Gron: is just flowering in the pools about the pine plains.

Tuesday, 7th.—The *Helix palliata* of Say, is now quite common about moist rocks in shady ravines. This shell is not often mentioned as being found on the sides of the Mississippi river. The *H. fraterna* of the same author, is also extremely common in like situations about the city; it much resembles the *H. hirsuta*, which has never been found in the vicinity, but may readily be distinguished from it by its greater size.

The following plants were seen to-day in bloom, *Convolvulus arvensis*, Linn: This plant has become quite common on the banks of the canal since its completion, the seeds are supposed to have been transported by its waters to its present position. It possesses

a yellow ingredient for dyeing. *Ceanothus americana*, Linn: (New Jersey tea.) The leaves of this plant yields a tea very similar to that produced from Bohea, and was freely used as a substitute for it during the revolutionary war. The roots are used for giving a red dye. *Epilobium spicatum*, Lam: (willow herb.) This beautiful plant grows profusely in rich moist soils and is highly deserving of cultivation, bearing a fine spike of showy purple flowers. The *Sagittaria heterophylla* of Pursh, is very rare in this vicinity. It is found in pools in a few places about. The hedge hyssop, (*Gratiola aurica*, Muhl:) is common in wet places. Bed straw, (*Galium triflorum*, Mich:) *Pyrola asarifolia*, Mich: *P. elliptica*, Nutt: *P. secunda*, Linn: are all in bloom in the shades of the pine forests and along their edges. The delicate little Ladies tresses (*Spiranthes tortilis*, Rich:) have just commenced flowering for the season. *Impatiens pallida*, Nutt: (Touch-me-not,) in wet places. The decoction is frequently used with success in jaundice and asthma, it is also sometimes used for colouring wool of a saffron hue. The *Linnaea borealis*, Gron: was found to-day on the pine plains, this plant is not often seen in this vicinity.

Wednesday 8th.—I was quite amused to-day at observing the curious manœuvres and wonderful activity of a small species of the hunting spiders which are now very common, and may be seen daily, wandering about in search of food over walls and fences in gardens, running rapidly only a few paces at a time and with equal facility, either backward, forward or sideways, and as suddenly stopping, sometimes stealing with cat-like caution upon its intended prey, and when sufficiently near, springing through the air with the agility of a tiger. So true is its eye, that it rarely if ever misses its aim. The one I saw to-day was climbing the surface of a post, having previously discovered a small insect resting some distance above, on the adjoining plane. Having at length arrived at the proper elevations, it almost imperceptibly turned the angle of the plane and there became for a short time entirely motionless, as if for preparation, then with a single bound, so rapid as scarcely to be seen, it came immediately upon its prey and bore it away in triumph to its cell.

Dark spots may be discovered on the sun's disc by the aid of a telescope of moderate magnifying power.

Thursday 9th.—This morning I saw a fine collection of eels taken from the Erie canal a few miles from this city. The immense size of some of them I think renders their claims to a nativity in these waters a very questionable circumstance. In all probability, they may have been introduced from the Schoharie, or the Mohawk rivers, although the canal elsewhere abounds with them; and I am told that in some places to the west, they materially effect its security by boring into the banks, and by that means, not unfrequently cause a serious rupture. It has repeatedly been stated, and there appears to be very little doubt entertained of the truth of the fact in those regions of the country, that there are no eels found above the falls of Niagara, either in Lake Erie, or any of its tributary waters; whilst below the falls, in Lake Ontario, and the various streams that empty into it, they are very numerous. This very curious fact is universally attributed to the circumstance, that although these fish are admirably adapted and fully capable of ascending any falls of as more moderate elevation, they are totally unable to stem this mighty torrent. However, I think that these waters are not destined to remain much longer untenanted by them, judging from the facts of the black bass and some other of the fishes, which have hitherto been considered as being exclusively confined to Lake Erie, having been repeatedly caught within the last year or two, in the Hudson river along our wharves. The eel can, I should think, with equal ease, find its way from the Cayuga outlet, and many other places on the canal route,

where immense numbers of them daily are taken and exposed for sale to the passing boats.

The *Helix arborea* of Say, is found in considerable numbers under the bark of decaying trees in various situations about our city.

Friday, 10th.—During my excursion this evening I accidentally came upon a strange looking individual with a gun, who was just discharging his final shot into the carcase of a considerable sized skunk, and as this was one of those scenes which distance lends enchantment to, I took the precaution to keep at a very respectful distance. The poor dog, which had so faithfully seconded his master's efforts, was ploughing in every direction, deep trenches in the sand, in order to free his nostrils from its pollution. The man considered himself extremely fortunate in having accomplished this animal's destruction, as it had for a great length of time, been in the habit of laying him under serious contribution in the way of eggs, poultry, &c. These animals are remarkably timid in their nature, nevertheless, by their peculiar means of defence, they are enabled to remain perfectly secure from the attacks of the most formidable beasts of prey, as none of them are able to withstand its pernicious effects, and very rarely, indeed, they have the temerity to enter within the reach of its abominable odour. This acrid fluid is secreted in a series of small glands, which being at the will of the animal, powerfully operated upon by the adjoining muscles, when angry it is enabled to send forth to some distance with unerring aim. An anecdote related in Doughty's Cabinet of Natural History, would induce us to attribute a miraculous virtue to this fluid. It states that two individuals from Geneva, in this state, went in pursuit of skunks, to obtain their fur, and during the evening they descried an animal of some kind, hid in a fissure of the rocks. It proved to be one of these animals, and one of them in endeavoring to dislodge it with a pole, received a copious discharge of its fluid directly in the eyes, the pain of which induced him to cry out most lustily for help. His companion, in some alarm, led him immediately to a neighboring brook, where, after a plentiful ablution, he received considerable relief. An inflammation, however, set in, which continued some days, and when it subsided, it was discovered that he had acquired the rare faculty of distinguishing objects in the dark full as perfectly as though the sun shone!!

Saturday, 11th.—I know of nothing that more quickly excites surprise in the heart of an intelligent traveller in this country, than the number and variety of our forest trees, and among their number none more frequently arrests his attention and gives cause for remark, than the many distinct species of oak which every where meet his eye. This may not appear so singular as it otherwise would, when we mention the fact, that there are more species of oak alone indigenous to North America, than the whole amount of forest trees known in Europe. There are at present about one hundred and fifty species of this genus described by authors, more than half of which are natives of America. In England, there is but one species which may with propriety be considered a native of that country, the *Quercus robur* of Linnæus, but at the same time, it is acknowledged to be superior to any of the others as an article of timber, and more particularly for the construction of ships. It is with great justice, esteemed of infinite importance in that country, and one of their recent writers remarks, that it is inferior only to her religion, her liberty, and the spirit and industry of her people.

Currants and gooseberries are now ripe, they were hawked about the streets in some quantities to-day.

The *Anadonta marginata* of Say, thrives remarkably well in the Erie canal, and is also very numerous. Some of them are of great size, and the nacre within is almost worthy of being constructed into fancy ornaments. The *Alasmodonta undulata* is also found in the same situation, but by no means in such numbers as of any the bivalve shells.

Monday, 13th.—It always appears a little singular that poets and other imaginative writers, whose fancies are continually roving in search of the beautiful in nature, for images to illustrate and adorn their works, have not more frequently made allusions to the varied and magnificent colours of the planets and the numerous stars which decorate the heavens, and more particularly so when we reflect that the most indifferent observer of nature's works will not fail to have his attention powerfully drawn to their different appearances. Who, for instance, on a clear winter night is not able to point out in the heavens the fiery redness of Mars, and the virgin silvery brightness of Venus? Almost all the fixed stars vary in like degree, not alone in the difference of their hues, but also in the intensity of their respective colours. The beautiful Antares, the principal star in the Constellation Scorpion, and which is now very conspicuous during our evenings in a southern direction from us, is considered as a red star, but it exhibits in a great degree a peculiar and hitherto unexplained phenomenon in its colours, changing them rapidly at every one and sometimes every two alternate twinklings, at one time displaying an intense reddish crimson colour, and then again, a most brilliant white; the former being much the most frequent. These singular changes of colour in this star may be easily distinguished with the naked eye, but much more distinctly with a glass of ordinary magnifying power.

The following are some of the stars conspicuous by their brilliancy, and the beauty of their colours:

Aldebaran, a brilliant red star, the most conspicuous of the Hyades, and situated in the right eye of the Bull, (Taurus.)

Alpiard, a red star of the second magnitude, situated on the body of Hydra.

Antares, the principal bright red star in the Constellation Scorpion, remarkable for its change of color.

Arcturus, a red star of the first magnitude, with an orange tinge, belonging to the Constellation Bootes. This star was well known to the ancients, for we find mention made of it in the book of Job, "Who made Arcturus, and Orion, and the Pleiads, and the chambers of the south."

Betelgeus, one of the bright stars of Orion, and the reddest in the whole heavens. Orion is one of those beautiful constellations which adorn the heavens on a winter night, and was also well known to the ancients for Job says, "Canst thou bind the sweet influence of the Pleiads, or loose the bands of Orion?"

Capella, this is a brilliant yellow star of the first magnitude, situated in the Constellation Auriga.

Lyra, a very beautiful blue star in the Constellation of the Harp.

Spica Virginis, a bright bluish star of the first magnitude situated in Virgo.

Atair, the largest and brightest star of the eagle, (Aquila) of a dull white colour.

Procyon, white, the bright star of the little Dog, (Canis minor.)

Sirius, the dog star, white; the brightest of all the stars, and situated in the Constellation of the great Dog, (Canis major.)

The colours of the planets are too well known to be mentioned.

The weather all day was exceedingly warm, and towards its close we had refreshing showers from the W. At night, extremely vivid and continuous lightnings with some thunder, principally from the south and eastern point of the heavens, which gradually ceased at the termination of a heavy thunder shower from the West.

Tuesday, 14th.—*Osmylus maculata*. This beautiful lace-winged fly is now very common along the skirts of light woods, and on the banks of running brooks, where they perish in great numbers and are blown into the streams, furnishing an additional supply of food to the fish for the month of July. These insects may be considered in the light of benefactors to the human race. By depositing their eggs on the

leaves of vegetables among the Aphids, in a few days on becoming hatched, the larva proceeds to the destruction of these depredators, devouring them in prodigious numbers.

Blackberries were exposed for sale in the streets during the day.

The following plants may now be seen in bloom. Wild Indigo, (*Baptisia tinctoria*, Brown:) every where through the woods along the pine plains. In strong decoctions it is often used as a wash, or in fomentations for ulcers of any kind, particularly for those of a foul nature. The Rattlesnake Plantain, (*Goodyera pubescens*, Brown.) The bruised leaves of this plant are applied by the Indians to sores, and by empirics in a decoction it is given for scrofula. *Plantanthera orbiculata* and *P. dilatata*, of Linn: are finely in bloom. The Succory, (*Cichorium intybus*, Linn:) though very common in meadows and old fields, is not indigenous to this country, having been introduced like many other plants with the seeds of grasses and clovers. Its fine large blue flowers make quite a fine appearance when in full bloom. Creeper, (*Ampelopsis hederacea*), in sunny exposures on the side of rocky ravines. Water plantain, (*Alisma plantago*, Linn:) in pools and ditches about the meadows. The Yellow lily, (*Lilium Canadensis*, Linn:) makes a most superb show in the low meadows and in the light woods; if this is not the superb lily it certainly deserves to be called so, judging from its superb appearance; I frequently counted from ten to sixteen flowers on a single plant. *Pyrola umbellata*, Linn: This is the Pipeissway of the Indians, and has been for some time a very popular medicine throughout Europe and the United States, for the cure of various diseases. It is commonly called Princes' Pine. The Indian Pipe as it is called, (*Monotropa uniflora*, Linn:) is beautifully in flower in the pine woods. This is a very singular plant, entirely of an ivory-white colour. It is used by Indians and empirics as a lotion for inflammations of the eye.

This day has proved hot and showery with westerly winds.

(The residue unavoidably omitted until next number.)

[For the Zodiac.]

TALES OF FATHERS AND DAUGHTERS.

BY THE ETTRICK SHEPHERD.

(Continued.)

From that day forth Mary acted uniformly as if she had been in a dream. She did not seem to know what she was doing, her hands were upon one thing and her mind was upon another, so that the ladies were astonished at her though never harsh to her. As for the old housekeeper she had several times threatened to beat her. Mary found she could not live in such circumstances so she besought Lady Manor to let her go home to her parents, and the lady after putting her off for several days, and seeing how unhappy she was, consented to let her go on Monday following, gave her money to bear her expenses by the way and a letter to her father explanatory of the circumstances, but neither the letter nor Mary went home, for that very morning she eloped with Mr. Ward who took her to an elegant lodging in St. James' street, imposing her upon the people as his wife. The truth is, that it had been all settled before, and he had been over the whole town searching for genteel lodgings for his Highland flower, but he found no one would admit an unmarried girl into his or her house, unless into such as he scorned to let his darling enter. Thus he introduced her as his wife, but told not their names so that he went by the name of the gentleman, and she of "the mistress," and here they lived a good while, I think for months together, as happy as two in such circumstances could be, which happiness, I think, is not to be envied. But his father had placed him under the care of a tutor named John Graham, an Irish Assistant Preacher, a learned and good man, but a complete pedant and quite unacquainted with the ways of the world in high life. John soon perceived

that there was a whaup in the rope, but in what part of it he could not conceive, for such an enormity as that of keeping a mistress never entered his obtuse head. But behold his pupil never came home of nights, and seldom entered his classes at the College by day, and John by expostulation could get nothing out of him further than that he was always engaged in parties and chose rather to sleep at the nearest hotel than expose himself to the morning air. John was obliged again and again to accept of this apology for want of a better, but not satisfied with it at all, he at length wrote privately to his Lord and employer, stating the whole circumstance. Lord Ward returned an angry answer, blaming Graham for negligence, and ordering him to dog his son, and by all means to find out where he was kenneled, and in the mean time he would stop his son's allowance until he got an explanation. Graham instantly set about doing his Lord's commands, and now a species of hunt began, such as never was witnessed in Edinburgh, and created a great deal of diversion along the South and North Bridge-streets. Graham was exceedingly tall, knock-kneed, and short-sighted. He wore green spectacles, and when he walked, but especially when he ran, he kept his nose very nearly towards the vertex. So the first day that his pupil appeared at the classes. John gave chase with his face turned up, and moving from side to side, with such instability that it was manifest he could not keep his eye on any particular object. Accordingly before he reached the high street he had changed his man thrice, but he housed one of them and created a terrible rumpus in the place searching for Mr. Ward. The students soon found out that this strange figure was on the hunt after one of their number, but whom they knew not. There was one young gentleman who lived at the Dean's, contrived by keeping at a distance before him running pieces and looking back as if in alarm, who actually made the poor tutor follow him a dozen times to Stockbridge, until the man of letters was fairly done out. In the meantime Mr. Ward and his Mary were like to be hardly beset, his allowance having been stopped, and he knew not what to do till he applied to a countryman of his own who was studying law, who advised him at once to draw upon his father at any of the Banks for his common allowance, and no more, and there was no doubt his father would honor the draft. "He is at present in London, added he, attending the House of Lords I perceive, and it is merely some neglect or miscarriage" so he wrote out a draft for Ward and signed it along with him, and by that means he obtained a supply. But Mary was exceedingly thrifty, neat and cleanly and as he saw no company there, he actually lived one half cheaper with her than he did at his lodgings, and really Ward loved her with all his heart. But the tutor wrote another letter to his Lord quite hopeless of ever recovering his son, and the father perceiving that something must be done posted straight to Edinburgh, and without letting Graham or any one know, he attended the College yard at class time equipped like a Scottish farmer with a broad blue bonnet on his head. Of course his son neither knew nor suspected him, and went straight home to his beloved. His father followed shortly and laying aside his bonnet, he entered where he found the two lovers sitting together on the sofa in the fondest endearment—Mr. Ward's blood run chill to his heart when he saw it was his father, he could not articulate a word. As for Mary she looked up to the stranger with one of her sweetest smiles, made him courtesy and placed a seat for him. He eyed her intensely but made no reply. Mary turned her eye to her lover, he was sitting as pale as a corpse, "Oh what, what is it, screamed she out," "ah! my Father," said Ward. Mary sunk back on the sofa speechless and there sat two marble statues. O! how poorly people look when caught in evil. But now, they were pressing their glowing cheeks together, now there they sat like two condemned male

factors. "Well young fox I have caught you at last," said the father, "come give me some account of your stewardship." "I have no account to give," said the young man, "you see all at once I have nothing either to confess or conceal from my father. I have been living here with this young lady since the beginning of December, but if you look at her beauty and knew her nature, I think you will forgive me." "Forgive you Sir! no I never will forgive you for the higher the girl's qualifications are, the deeper is your crime. Did you never think of the crime of breaking her father's, mother's, and her own heart, all at the same time, which you must this day do—for you go straight home with me. You have cost me a sore heart and a long jaunt, but I shall make sure of you now, come give me an account of yourself how you have lived in this style?"—"I drew upon you for my quarterly allowance of seventy-five pounds and that is not done yet. Mary is a good guide, but rather too penurious. I have lived with her at one half the expense that I lived at in my own lodgings." Lord Ward drew a long breath—"is it possible," exclaimed he—"oh you rascal, you knave, you villain, what a jewel you have destroyed, she is indeed a sweet girl and would have been a virtuous one all her life but for you. Oh! you heartless dog! but she must abide by the consequences of her own imprudence, for you must go towards home with me in less than an hour." Mary had by this time fallen prostrate on the floor and was trying to grasp her lover's knees, but she could not—her arms only enfolding air. His Lordship was very much affected by the scene and even shed tears, "come, come this is all flummery," cried he, "let us go, let us go." "My dear father I cannot leave her in that state it will break my heart and hers likewise. I cannot leave her." "But you must and shall, for the longer you continue, matters will surely get worse. Oh! you selfish scoundrel think what you have to answer for, think of the value of that heart which you have broken and the beauty of that virgin mind which you have defaced forever. The poor girl must be looked after however, leave her what money you have about you. She has it all answered he, but I believe it only amounts to a few pounds." His Lordship then took a small purse of gold from his pocket and put it into hers as she was lying still insensible. He then called the mistress of the house into the lobby, and said hurriedly, look to that lady in the parlour and be kind to her, you shall be rewarded." He then pushed his distressed son out-door before him, and more of their proceedings I know not. Mrs. Stewart the landlady of the house having got the above charge from a great surly fellow with a broad blue bonnet paid little attention to it, but with the sympathy natural to her sex, she hastened to administer to Mary, and not for the remaining part of the day could she bring her to a state of sensibility. She sat up indeed, but her face was glazed like that of a corpse, and her eyes seemed to fling no reflected image inwardly. They would not wink even in the noon day sun, and for the whole of that day and the following night, reason seemed tottering on her throne, a tenement so frail as not to be again possessed, but the next morning after a short and perturbed sleep she got vent to tears and wept abundantly. Then poor forlorn reason returned like a spy to view the nakedness of the land before her. For several days and nights she wept without ceasing, not when Mrs. Stewart mentioned her husband, would she once advert to his name. She saw plainly how matters stood and that she was bereaved of him for ever, ruined and undone. And every time that the thought how she had earned her old father's blessing the tears burnt her fading cheek. O love, love! what misery doth spring from thy harbour of flowers and sighs! And what wrecks hast thou made in the walks of beauty and innocence.

(End of Chapter 1st.)

[For the Zodiac.

THE LAST DAY OF SUMMER.

IMITATED FROM MOORE.

'Tis the last day of summer,
I know it full well,
All the others have vanish'd,
As Time rang their knell.
The smiles they threw backward
Are bright on thy face;
And in beauty thou reignest,
The last of thy race.

I'll not see thee, in silence,
Thus vanish away
As affection's bright treasures,
Too often decay.
O! might'st thou but linger,
How blest were this heart!
Which from all it holds dearest,
Is e'er doom'd to part.

Yet soon shall I follow
Thy flight toward the past;
In that broad, changeless region,
We'll mingle at last.
And if but one tear-drop
Is e'er shed for me,
May it be like those gushing
This moment for thee!

A. D. TROWERIDGE.

Stockbridge, (Mass.) August, 1835.

A LETTER FROM PROFESSOR WILSON.

We present the readers of the ZODIAC with an original letter from PROFESSOR WILSON, the celebrated author of the ISLE OF PALMS, and the EDITOR OF BLACKWOOD'S MAGAZINE, addressed to a well known personage in Scotland. The autograph is in our possession. It is playfully written, and though never intended for publication, lets us more into the character of the Poet than a dozen biographies. It is a sketch by the author's own hand, far more striking than any picture, for which he might sit to another.

EDINBORO' SEPTEMBER.

MY DEAR H.—I am in Edinboro' and wish to be out of it.

Mrs. Wilson and I walk'd 350 miles in the highlands between the 5th of July and the 26th of August, sojourning in divers glens from Sabbath unto Sabbath, fishing, eating, and staring. I purpose appearing in Glasgow on Thursday—where I shall stay till the Circuit is over. I then go to Ellera in the character of a Benedictine Monk, till the beginning of November. Now pause and attend. If you will meet me at Moffat on October 6th, I will walk, or mail it with you to Ellera and treat you there with fowls and Irish whiskey. Immediately on the receipt of this, write a letter directed to me at Mr. Smith's Bookstore, Hutchison-street, Glasgow, saying positively if you will or will not do so. If you don't write *I will lick you*—and fish up Douglass Burn before you, next time I come to Ettrick-Lake. I saw a letter from you to M—, tother day, by which you seem to be alive and well. You are right in not making verses when you can catch trout. Francis Jeffrey leaves Edinboro' this day for Holland and France. I presume after destroying the King of the Netherlands, he intends to annex that Kingdom to France, and assume the supreme power of the United Countries under the title of Geoffrey I. You, he will make Poet Laureate and Fish Monger, and me admiral of the Musquito-Fleet.

If you have occasion soon to write to Murray, pray introduce something about the "City of the Plague," as I shall probably offer him that Poem in about a fortnight or sooner. Of course I do not wish you to say that the poem is utterly worthless. I think that a bold eulogy from you (if administered immediate-

ly) would be of service to me, but if you do write about it, do not tell him that I have any intention of offering it to him, but you may say you hear I am going to offer it to a London Bookseller. We staid seven days at Mr. Iyetts at Kinnaird and were most kindly received. Mr. Iyett is a great-ally of yours, and is a fine creature. I killed in the Highlands 170 dozen of trouts, one day, 19 dozen and a half—another, 7 dozen. I one evening killed 10 trouts that weighed 9 pounds. In Loch-Awe in three days I killed 76 pounds weight of fish, all with the fly. The Gael were astonished. I shot two roebucks—and had nearly caught a red-Deer by the tail—I was within half a mile of it at farthest. The good folks in the highlands are not dirty. They are clean, decent, hospitable, ugly people. We domiciliated with many, and found no remains of the great plague of fleas, &c., that devastated the country from the time of Ossian, to the ascension of George the third. We were at Loch Katrine, Loch Lomond, Inverary, Dalnally, Loch Etive, Glen Etive, Dalness, Appin, Ballaheclish, Fort William, Moy, Dalwhinny, Loch Eericht (you dog) Loch Taynoch, Glen Lyon, Taymouth, Blair Athol, Bruar Perth, Edinboro'. Is not Mrs. Wilson immortalized?

G,—— and G,—— are in London, and return by the lakes, but we shall miss them. I know of Cona. It is very creditable to our excellent friend, but will not sell any more than the "Isle of Palms" or the White-Doe. The White-Doe is not in season. Venison is not liked in Edinboro. It wants flavor.—A good Ettrick wether is preferable. Woodsworth has more of the poetical character than any living writer—but he is not a man of first rate intellect, his genius oversets him. Southey's Roderic is not a first rate work, the remorse of Roderick is that of a christian devotee, rather than of a dethroned monarch. His battles are ill fought. There is no processional march of events in the poem—no tendency to one great end, like a river increasing in majesty till it reaches the sea. Neither is there national character, Spanish or Moorish. No sublime imagery, no profound passion. Southey wrote it; and Southey is a man of talents—but it is his worst poem.

Scott's Field of Waterloo, I have seen. What a poem? such bald and nerveless language, mean imagery—common-place sentiments and clumsy versification! It is beneath criticism. Unless the latter part of the battle be very fine indeed, this poem will injure him.

Wordsworth is dished. Southey is in purgatory, Scott is dying, and Byron is married. Herbert is frozen to death in Scandinavia. Moore has lost his manliness. Coleridge is always in a fog. Joanna Baillie is writing a system of cookery. Montgomery is in a mad-house, or ought to be. Campbell is sick of a constipation in the bowels—Hogg is herding sheep in Ettrick! Forest, and Wilson has taken the plague. O. wretched writers! unfortunate bards! what is Bobby Millar's back shop to do this winter.—Alas! alas! alas! a wild doe is a noble animal, write an address to one—and it shall be inferior to one I have written, for half a barrel of red herrings! The Highlanders are not a poetical people. They are too national—too proud of their history. They imagine that a colleyslangy between the McGregors and Campbells is a sublime event; and they overlook mountains 4000 feet high. If Ossian did write the poems attributed to him, or any poems like them, he was a dull dog—and deserved never to taste whiskey as long as he lived. A man who lives for ever among mist and mountains, knows better than always to be prosing about them. Methinks I feel, about objects familiar to infancy and manhood, but when we speak of them it is only upon great occasions and in situations of deep passion. Ossian was probably born in a flat country!

Scott has written good lines in the Lord of the Isles, but he has not done justice to the sound of Mull which is a glorious streight.

The Northern Highlanders do not admire Waverley—so I presume the South Highlanders despise Guy Mannering. The Westmoreland peasants think Wordsworth a fool. In Borrowdale, Southey is not known to exist. I met ten men at Hawick who did not think Hogg a poet, and the whole city of Glasgow think me a madman. So much for the voice of the people being the voice of God. I left my snuff-box in your cottage. Take care of it—The Anstruther bards have advertised their anniversary, I forget the day. I wish Lieutenant Gray of the marines had been devoured by the lion he once carried on board his ship to the Dey of Algiers, or that he was kept a perpetual prisoner by the Moors in Barbary. Did you hear that Tennant had been taken before the session for an offence against good morals. If you did not *neither did I!* indeed it is on many accounts exceedingly improbable.

Yours truly.

[For the Zodiac.]

A SYNOPSIS OF THE ROCKS OF THE STATE OF NEW-YORK.

By JAMES EIGHTS, M. D.

The advantages which the State of New-York affords to the geological investigator, are truly without a parallel in this country. The well defined limits of each individual series of strata, as they successively emerge from beneath its surface, the various streams which every where traverse them, from its very centre to its confines, and whose waters may be traced in almost every direction in their passage towards the sea—the number, situation, and magnitude of its lakes, whose basins are deeply depressed in them, together with the facilities which the works of art present, for transporting the traveller from one portion of it to the other, freely offer, wherever they occur, the happiest opportunities that the scientific enquirer can reasonably expect, or desire. Yet with all these advantages, the true nature of its rocks has never been distinctly defined. They certainly are equivalent to those of other countries, and the various treatises on Geology which have been published abroad, within the period of the last fifteen years, apply, with very slight exceptions, in a most admirable manner to the different series which compose its groups.

No inconsiderable portion of the surface of the State of New-York, is occupied by the cropping out of the different series of strata, which compose that magnificent carboniferous group, whose extent is over the greatest portion of the vast territory of the United States. Its eastern origin, is along the shores of the Hudson river, from whence it stretches out, in a nearly horizontal position, far away into the remote regions of the west, until it eventually becomes lost beneath the disintegrating fragments, that are so profusely strewn along the base of the Rocky Mountains. From the boundaries of Canada on the north, but few difficulties occur in tracing it almost, if not entirely, to the shores of the Mexican Gulf.

So admirably distinct are the different series of rocks which compose the state, displayed over its surface, that should an intelligent traveller take his departure from the elevated lands, any where along the Pennsylvania line, to the westward of the county of Broome, and pursue his course to that of St. Lawrence, on the river of that name, he will have ample cause to admire the manner in which he descends in regular succession, down a series of gigantic steps—first, the great coal measures; next, the carboniferous limestones; then, the old red sandstones; fourth, the grauwaacke slates; and lastly the transition limestones, whose strata will be seen, terminating against the primitive ranges of the north, with their edges, in many places, elevated in a direction towards their summits—the intervening rocks being generally unseen.

It may not be improper here to remark, that when-

ever the sandstones, grits or grauwaackes occur, in any of these series, in a regular position, their superior portions are universally of the nature of breccia, or conglomerate, which, in descending, gradually become finer in their structure, until they terminate below, in fine grained arenaceous or grauwaacke slates.

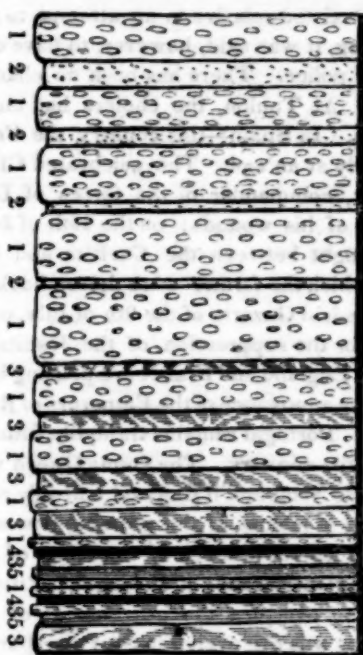
It is my intention, at some future period, to put into proper form, the many facts which I have for several years been collecting from personal inspection, with a view to a complete description of the geology of the state, to be accompanied by the necessary sections, and correct figures of its numerous organic remains; but the time which must necessarily elapse before this can be accomplished, I am now convinced will be much greater than I anticipated. I have, therefore, been induced in the mean time, to make public the following synopsis of the rocks of the State of New-York. In doing so, it is no more than justice to state that I have been altogether guided by the Manual of M. de la Beche, from the circumstance, that the descriptions contained therein, apply well to our strata, and more particularly, because the series of rocks of the state had already naturally arranged themselves agreeably to the same order.

Various species of the organic remains whose genera will be enumerated hereafter, are contained in my own collection, and also in that of the Albany Institute.

CARBONIFEROUS GROUP.

1. COAL MEASURES.

Coal Measures of English authors. *Terrian Houiller*, French. *Steinkohlengebirge*, German.



Strata of conglomerates, sand stones, and grits compose the upper portion of this series, whilst argillaceous shales, grauwaacke shales, and bituminous shales predominate in the lower. These lower strata sometimes embrace layers of lime stones, and lime stone shales, whose characters correspond in a great degree with those of the adjacent lime stones, upon which the whole series repose; and also, extensive beds of anthracite, and bituminous coals.

The minerals embraced in this series are not numerous, but some of them are of the utmost importance to our country. Those most commonly seen, are, carbonates of lime, sulphate of alumine and potash, quartz, mica, feldspar, chlorite, anthracite, bituminous and sulphurous coals, carbonate of copper, sulphuret of iron, argillaceous oxide of iron in nodules, and sulphate of iron.

The organic remains contained in this series, are also the same as those which characterize the coal measures of other countries, belonging chiefly to the vegetable kingdom, and allied to those which are now known to be natives of a tropical climate. Various species of the following Genera, have with con-

siderable accuracy been determined. *Stigmaria*, *Sphenophyllum*, *Annularia*, *Calamites*, *Neuropteris*, *Pecopteris*, *Lepidodendron*, *Sigillaria*. The other fossils, generally found in the grits, are, *Encrinurus*, *Spirifer*, *Terebratula*, *Producta*, *Lingula*, *Inoceramus*, and *Orthocera*. In the Lime stone, and Lime stone shales, are observed; *Cyathophyllum*, *Astrea*, *Favosites*, *Encrinurus*, *Spirifer*, *Producta*, *Inoceramus*, *Calymene*.

The most recently indurated rocks of the State of New York, are unquestionably the Coal Measures of foreign geologists. They are of great extent, covering about one third of the whole State; and passing into Pennsylvania, they embrace all the extensive beds of anthracite on the east, and the bituminous coal fields on the western ranges of the Alleghany mountains. Their eastern termination is by an irregularly elevated ridge of hills, commencing in the western part of the county of Orange, and extending in a northern direction a few miles from the Hudson river, until they reach the county of Albany, including in the range, the whole of what are denominated the Catskill mountains. From the county of Albany, their northern termination may be defined by nearly a direct line to the west, until they touch the shores of Lake Erie, a few miles from the village of Buffalo, being in their whole course, accompanied by the well characterized carboniferous limestones upon which they repose, and which may every where be seen cropping out from beneath, and in many places, forming extensive belts of mural precipices. But this line is by no means to be considered as strictly continuous, for in several situations by the denudation of its strata, vallies have been created for its streams, and numerous basins depressed for its lakes of various dimensions, where the subjacent limestones have been exposed to view for no inconsiderable distance.

The greatest elevation of these coal measures, are the Catskill mountains, whose summits attain the altitude of three thousand eight hundred and four feet, above the tide waters of the Hudson river, nearly two thirds of which, may with propriety be considered as being occupied by its numerous strata, but in proceeding west, they by no means retain this considerable thickness, for their superior strata appear to have been swept almost entirely away. From this great elevation, in descending along its eastern face, these alterations may be seen projecting one beyond the other, in such a manner as to form a seemingly regular series of steps, plainly exhibiting a southerly inclination, which is distinctly visible, from any elevated situation along the opposite shore of the river, and more particularly so, should their upper surfaces be covered with the snows of winter; but along their northern termination, they continue to hold a nearly horizontal position all the way, until they touch the shores of the great western lakes.

Within the boundaries of the State of New-York, the strata of this series, exhibit little evidence of a disturbing power of consequence sufficient to affect their regularity, in any great degree; but as they extend into the neighboring state of Pennsylvania, and approach those situations where the great anthracite beds occur, their edges are, in many places, considerably elevated, and they oftentimes become disrupted and contorted.

The principal ridge of the Alleghany mountains, in the state of Pennsylvania, appears to create a marked division between the bituminous coal on the west, and the great anthracite regions of its eastern portion, and a continuous line, extending in a northerly direction, into the state of New-York, at no great distance to the eastward of Cayuga Lake, terminating at the Erie canal, would also mark a like distinction. To the west of this line, thin seams of bituminous coal are not unfrequently met with, most generally, associated with layers of quartzose grit, and bituminous, and limestone shales; but between it and the Hudson river, where the strata retain more the ap-

pearance of well characterised grauwacke, wherever they have been properly examined, some portions of anthracite have always been sure to reward the toils of the geologist. But, I would by no means wish to create an idea, that the extensive beds of workable coal, at Blossburg and elsewhere in the State of Pennsylvania, can ever be found of the like importance along this northern termination of the coal measures, for I conceive it to be probable, that these beds occupy a situation in the series, much superior to the strata found in our State, with the exception of those at their eastern confines, where the whole series swells out to their entire thickness, and forms the elevated range of the Catskill mountains.

From the summit of these mountains, red sandstones may be distinctly seen descending by repeated alternations, each succeeding stratum, becoming gradually thinner and thinner, and finer in its particles, until they terminate nearly midway in the series, and although they very much resemble the old red sandstones of the west, they can readily be distinguished by their organic remains, which decidedly correspond with those of the strata in which they are embraced, and also, by their situation, being exclusively confined to the superior position of the coal measures.—As there are no evidences that the superior red sandstone group of European authors, has ever been discovered in this country, little fears can be entertained of its being confounded with any of its strata.

The organic remains of this series are most generally in a horizontal position, but they not unfrequently occur, perforating the strata vertically.

As Professor Eaton's Geological Text Book has been the one most generally in use, I deem it somewhat necessary, in order to be properly understood, to insert with reference to the figures accompanying the engraved section of each series, that gentleman's equivalents, taken from his last edition published at Troy in 1832.

Section according to Eaton's Synopsis.

Third Graywacke.

1. & 2. Millstone grit, rubble, red sandrock, (saliferous rock, page 83.)
3. Grit-slate, hone-slate. red-wacke.

(To be continued.)

TO OUR READERS.

The numerous and agreeable testimonials of respect tendered us by our cotemporaries, on the appearance of our first number, have excited on our part, a strong feeling of pleasure, accompanied by a desire to maintain our position with the public.

We now present them with a number of articles, which cannot fail to interest the refined and intelligent. Mrs Sigourney has laid us under great obligations, by a second poetical contribution to our columns. The letters from India are the unaffected and unpretending correspondence of a young Artillery Officer in the East India Company's Service, with his European friends. One of them is addressed to the author of the Queen's Wake. What gives them particular interest is, that soon after they were written he was thrown from his horse and killed, to the regret of a large circle of friends. We publish an original letter from Professor Wilson, the Editor of Blackwood's Magazine, in which his playfulness of character is very apparent, and his opinions of his cotemporaries are frankly given.

The essays on American Literature, the introduction to which in part only, for want of room, will appear in this number, were delivered in the shape of lectures before the Y. Men's Association of Albany, and are intended to be hereafter reprinted in a different form. The interest taken in this subject, has induced the Editor to anticipate their publication, at least for the readers of the Zodiac.

Several productions by young ladies of this city

appear in this number, and give evidence of talent, which we are happy to bring forward.

The Naturalist's every day book will again be found rich in material and description, and full of instruction in subjects that are "caviare to the million." The continuation of this, as well as of the Ettrick Shepherd's tale,—of "Metternich," and the beautiful poem on India, will doubtless give pleasure to those who have already appreciated their excellence. Copious extracts from the Edinburgh Journal in advance of any other republication in this country, will be also continued. Our resources are ample, and as we proceed in our course, we will establish ourselves if possible in the confidence and esteem of our readers.

EDITOR.

A BRIEF SUMMARY OF FOREIGN NEWS.

In England the Tories are losing ground very fast. The Whig ministers have succeeded in carrying every measure that they had brought forward. The corporation bill passed without a division. The last arrival says, that the House was occupied with the Irish Church Bill. Cobbett the political writer, died on the 17th of June, his son failed by a very small vote in obtaining the seat held by his father. The accounts of famine and wretchedness in some parts of Ireland are appalling. In the county of Mayo, thousands of families were in a state of starvation. The Orange processions had occasioned riots in various places. In France the trial of the state prisoners, still drags its slow length along, 28 of the prisoners have made their escape, none of whom have been re-taken; considerable excitement existed relative to an attempt to assassinate the King, it was said, however, to have originated with the police. There has been no change in the ministry. At Toulon, the cholera had made frightful ravages. In Spain—this country the Carlist power is nearly at an end. The celebrated Chief Zumalacareguay, commander of the forces of Don Carlos, has died of his wounds; on the 16th of July a battle was fought between the Carlists and the Christians, in which the former were driven back to Estelle. The Madrid Gazette of the 9th of July, contains an order for the suppression of the Jesuits.—Auxiliaries from England and France are pouring into Spain much to the annoyance of the Emperors of Russia and Austria. Portugal remains tranquil, without much change in the ministry. The young Queen will marry the Duke de Nemours, if England will only consent, but England is jealous of the growing power of France, and will object to a son of the King of the French occupying the throne of Portugal. Russia.—A conspiracy to overturn the government of the Emperor Nicholas was discovered in St. Petersburg, and more than 60 persons arrested. It was occasioned by the breaking up of a school of military cadets, the pupils having been sent to the regiments stationed in Siberia. Greece—King Otho is becoming more popular among his subjects. He ascended the throne on the 1st of June. There was no coronation, but the King took the oath: a general pardon for political offenders was proclaimed. In Egypt the plague had made fearful ravages, more than 100,000 persons had fallen victims to its violence. The Sultan has refused permission to English and French ships of war to enter the Black Sea. South America continues the scene of revolution and massacre.

[For the Zodiac.]

METTERNICH.

BY THE AUTHOR OF TALLEYRAND, IN THE KNICKERBOCKER MAGAZINE, NEW YORK, MAY AND JUNE, 1834, AND BONAPARTE'S SECRET POLICE.

(Continued.)

As the British Government had shown some dissatisfaction with the transactions at Fontainebleau, and particularly the personal advantages offered to Napoleon and his family, Metternich was sent to London. When there, the University of Oxford, conferred on him the degree of Doctor of Laws.

Thus Metternich was, from the beginning to the end, the most persevering and dangerous enemy of Bonaparte; and from this time the favourite minister of Alexander, rather than of Francis.

The Congress of Representatives of the principal States of Europe having met at Vienna, (October 8, 1814,) in order to arrange the confused and complicated interests, which had arisen out of a prolonged period of 25 years war, Metternich was chosen to preside over it.

From 1812, Metternich had always spoken against the tyranny which Bonaparte exercised upon Germany. Scarcely was this over when a much more dangerous way, and at least as obnoxious as that of Napoleon, was established through the influence of this newly created Austrian Prince. He could act with more impunity, as he did so in the name of the crowned automaton.

Some writers assert that Alexander, the Prussian Emperor was the author of the *Holy Alliance*, and give the following curious history of its origin. They say: "suffering turns the eyes of nations, as well as of individuals, to Him who consoles when all other hope is gone. This was the case with the Germans in the time of Napoleon, when, for a long series of years, they endured all the horrors of invasion and war. They took refuge in religion, more particularly as their sufferings were considered the direct consequences of the French revolution, which they looked upon as a work of impiety." (*)

I have had various opportunities to refute a great many mistakes in this generally praise-worthy, but hastily compiled work. And in this case, the passage quoted in this article is entirely exaggerated and ridiculous. The Germans under the dominion of Napoleon were neither less nor more religious than before. I have travelled through Germany more than ten times, and never found that the churches were more filled in 1788 than in 1800, 1803, 4 or 5. On the contrary, they were less so; and any observer will agree with me that the Germans of all denominations, observe much less strictly the Sabbath than the English, Dutch or Americans. At this day the rich inhabitants of their cities go regularly every Saturday night to their country seats and invite, for Sunday, a large company of friends and strangers, to pass a merry day with them, and thus the German nobility, and the other classes of the people, after the morning service, spend their time at the public gardens or taverns, where they have musicians and dancing parties. This is the case in Protestant, as well as in Catholic Germany. The oppression of Napoleon and his armies, although unjust, vexatious and horrid, has never had any influence upon the religious sentiments of the Germans.

I appeal to those writers, native and foreign, who have given exact and fair accounts of the manner and customs of the Germans. Among them I refer to Mr. Dwight's Journey through Northern Germany, whose work I can recommend; they have never mentioned any thing resembling the statement in the *Encyclopædia Americana*.

The same writer continues thus: "After the fall of Napoleon, this religious feeling still remained strong in the minds of the people of Europe, and blended with their notions of politics and government, which in the case of the great mass, were, of course crude and superficial. They were induced to believe, that religion might be made the basis of international politics. Availing themselves of this feeling, the sovereigns were enabled to form the league denominated the *Holy Alliance*, which was proposed by the Emperor Alexander of Russia. Participating in the spirit above mentioned, and desirous to become the pacificator of Europe, and perhaps instigated by Madame Krudener, he proposed this union, Sept. 26, 1815, after the defeat of Napoleon at Waterloo had cleared the way for the execution of his desire, of establishing a settled peace in Europe, &c."

This passage is full of mistakes, and deserves some notice from us, as the biographer of a man who was the author of this Alliance. The following incidents are authentic:

Metternich in his long and frequent conversations with Alexander, already in July 1813, at Trachenberg, the head quarters of the latter, and with the King of Prussia, had easily observed that neither the Czar nor the King were blessed with great mental capacities. A more close and frequent intercourse confirmed him in his opinion, and awakened in him the secret desire to make them his puppets, as Francis was already. His very fine person, his agreeable conversation, and his insinuating manners, soon gained him the admiration and confidence of both sovereigns, who treated him more as their friend and equal, than a mere subaltern.

This soon excited in the minds of other Ministers great envy, particularly at the Congress of Chatillon and Vienna.

Metternich at the Congress of Vienna, consulted Talleyrand and the Prince W...y, to whom he showed the plan of the *Holy Alliance*, said, after

* See *Encyclopædia Americana*, Art. *Holy Alliance*.

having read it, to him "but my Prince, this will give offence!" "Bah, nonsense, pure imagination," was Metternich's reply.

He then submitted it to Alexander, who approved it highly, and requested Metternich to give him the plan for further consideration. When the principles of the Holy Alliance were fully known, a general indignation was excited. These principles were a settled determination on the part of the allied monarchs, to preserve by force the ancient system of government free from any reformation; unless proceeding from a quarter, where, hitherto, every thing savoring of an innovating spirit, had been carefully repressed, and where all reformers must necessarily meet with their natural and eternal enemies. If the government of this so styled Holy Alliance be once re-established—that all reformation originating with the people or caused by their interference, is inconsistent with the welfare and repose of Europe, and as such, is to be put down by the combined arms of foreign powers, we may indeed abandon all hope of amelioration in the conditions of mankind, except through the struggles and throes of convulsions not inferior in horror and blood, shed in the French revolution itself.

When I named in my biographical sketch of Talleyrand,* this same Talleyrand, Metternich and Wellington as the leading souls of the Holy Alliance, some friends observed, I should have left out Wellington. But I was fully entitled to mention the latter, when looking over his manifesto as commander of the allied armies, in which he declared "that henceforth Europe, united and moved by the same interest, must form but one power, and the sovereigns a supreme corporation upon which will be raised the solid pedestal of the peace and happiness of nations. The rights of the monarchy will attain all from this August Senate and be confirmed in its solemn acts. The name of Louis XVIII is inscribed in this federal compact. The allied sovereigns placed him on the throne of his ancestors, and proclaimed the reign of the Bourbon family, until its extinction over the French people. They now take up arms to restore and confirm that dynasty, to support the cause of Kings! to consolidate the government, to secure the repose of mankind and to give an imposing example of sovereign authority to all mankind." The same sentiments were reiterated in the proclamations dated March 13 and April 8, signed by all the ministers at Vienna.

In accordance with the principles of the Holy Alliance, the King of Prussia published on the 3d of January 1816, a decree, suppressing certain political journals and restricting the liberty of the press. The Holy Alliance was acceded to by the King of the Netherlands, June 21, 1816. In France the press was already under the inspection of the police; but in 1817 a law was passed imposing upon it further restrictions; and on the 30th of December, in that year all political journals were suppressed by law, until the end of the legislative session in 1818.

By the indefatigable exertions of Metternich, who was the soul of these numerous treaties, negotiations and Congresses, the combination of monarchs began in 1814, 15, and subsequent years, to assume the form it was originally intended to take, but which circumstances had, until then, rendered unnecessary. It was to be continued upon a new principle. Not as before, to suppress any particular danger or to oppose any particular government, but to guard against indefinite dangers which might exist—to act as a sort of precautionary, supervisory police!

The manner in which the principles of the Holy Alliance were reviewed by the United States, appears from the message of President Monroe (1823) in which he declared, that any attempt on the part of the European powers, to extend the system of national interference to any portion of this hemisphere, would be considered as dangerous to the peace and safety of the United States, and that any interposition, by any European power, for the purpose of controlling, in any manner, the governments of America would be considered as the manifestation of an unfriendly feeling towards the United States.

Metternich, was again Austrian Plenipotentiary at the second peace of Paris, November 20, 1815, then at Milan, to conclude the treaty with Bavaria, which was ratified April 14, 1816. In 1817 he accompanied the Austrian Princess, destined for the Prince Royal of Portugal (Don Pedro) to Leghorn, and then negotiated with the Roman See. In 1818 he was Austrian Minister at Aix la Chapelle. In modern politics this Congress (Oct. and Nov. 1813) was of high importance. It was determined that the army of the Allies (150,000 men) which, since the second peace at Paris, had remained in France to watch over its tranquillity, should be withdrawn, after France had paid the contribution imposed by the peace of 1815. The King of France was then admitted into the Holy Alliance.

To enumerate all the Congresses where Metternich had more or less influence, would be useless and

tiresome. His name is found as an evil spirit recorded in all those subsequently held in accordance with the principles of the Holy Alliance, and particularly in that held at the Johannisberg (Metternich's property) which, upon his suggestion, met June 15th 1825, and was presided over by him. I have given elsewhere* curious and unknown details of what happened there, and of the proceedings of the Mentzer Police Commission, which was so generally abhorred that whenever one of its members presented himself in a public house, to eat at a *table d'hôte*, all the other guests left the table and went out, as if they feared his contamination. This commission was dissolved in 1827; and the Diet at Frankfort, recently established, is a second edition of the Mentzer Commission, and begins again to excite public execration.

Whilst Metternich was busily engaged in crushing the liberties of Germany, he also exerted the same pestilential influence upon the destinies of Italy, by his secret treaty between Austria and Sardinia, according to which the latter power engages to keep 60,000 men in readiness for Austria, in case of war, probably in return for an assurance, on the part of Austria, that she will make no further attempts to wrest the crown from the present King of Sardinia; as it is well known she strove to exclude him (when Prince Carignan) from the succession, and secure the crown to the Duke of Modena—Reggio, an Arch Duke of Austria, cousin of the present Emperor. He (Metternich) had the same influence upon the destinies of Spain, Portugal, Switzerland and Poland! He is in fact the most dangerous and powerful scourge of human kind.

We see nevertheless in his actions the same skill, the same adroitness as in those of Talleyrand, with the difference, that the former was and is in all his negotiations supported by at least 600,000 bayonets and a powerful fleet, while Talleyrand insulated, has to struggle against every obstacle, is a more liberal minded man, has far greater and profounder views and has never been accused of oppressive and sanguinary measures as Metternich has. Metternich is far from being such a skilful and profound genius as the French diplomatist Talleyrand. He found good allies in the imbecile Emperor Francis, who in his apathy, suffered himself to be directed by Metternich, and in the two other despots Alexander and Frederic William of Prussia. These were soon joined by Louis XVIII, Charles X, Nicholas, and Louis Philippe. All the rest were powers of a secondary order, and used to bend their necks under the iron will of the former. Great Britain herself, with her boasted liberal principles, assisted Metternich's dark plans with her gold and fleets, and even the poor Wellington, was nothing else, than the dupe of Metternich who laughed secretly at his solemn protest at the Congresses of Vienna and Verona and went straight forwards.

It is melancholy to see the sacred cause of mankind going backwards, and the rulers of so many hundred millions of rational beings, employing the most extravagant means to suppress and extinguish every spark of light and liberty amongst their subjects.—Examine the boasted schools, gymnasia and Universities of Prussia; every single individual, teacher and scholar, is under the immediate control of the Prussian Minister of ecclesiastical affairs and education. The courses, studies, and books are carefully prescribed, the professors watch the behavior of each scholar; all are directed to remain submissive and obedient slaves to the iron will of the Prussian Monarch. Education in Austria is much worse. In France the minister of the interior has, as in Prussia, the whole control over every school, college and University: the liberty of the press is, as in the two former, limited, and thousands of its writers are arrested, condemned, and linger in dungeons. Shall we search perhaps in Russia, Spain or Portugal, for liberal schools and ideas? The beneficent Knout Siberia would soon drive the Russian liberals to remain dumb and deaf, as Metternich has taught the Italians to be! And how is the situation of England? Do their schools, colleges, and Universities, give us convincing proof that their courses are adapted to the rapid improvements of our era? Exists there not the same old routine of more than one hundred years past?

Seeing Metternich in society, hearing him talk, bow and smile, nobody would believe that this man could possess so black a soul.

Metternich has a large forehead, a well formed nose, fine large blue eyes, a very agreeable mouth, and a complacent smiling face, which is more that of a female than a man. With insinuating easy manners, he has the art to please every one and agree with every one. He can entertain a society of a hundred ladies and gentlemen in an agreeable and attractive manner; he can be the merry companion of his superiors and equals, he can drink, gamble, and commit every excess of debauchery with them, but will

at the same time study their foibles and profit by them.

By these means he soon became the favorite of Alexander. At the Congress of Vienna the Czar began to be tired of the nocturnal bacchanalia, which, during a number of days, followed in rapid succession. Metternich fearing he might escape him, be deprived of his presence and at once be frustrated of his influence over him, as well as of all his plans, contrived new pleasures, more congenial to the taste of his new master. The brilliant tournaments, the balls, and sumptuous dinners were suddenly exchanged for small select evening parties, given by Prince Metternich, and in which the witty and beautiful Princess S—, born Princess C— presided as queen of the festival. Metternich persuaded this Princess to accompany him to the following tiresome Congresses of Troppau and Laybach, and succeeded by these vile means in obtaining Alexander's presence at both places!

Metternich soon gained the confidence of Alexander, who became the tool of this vile minister, and followed blindly his (Metternich's) advice so much the more willingly, as it was in perfect accordance with his barbarous and narrow principles.

It is certain that Metternich has greatly contributed to increase the power of Austria; Venice, Milan, and particularly Tyrol, Saltzburgh and the territory which under specious pretences he detached from Bavaria, are very important acquisitions. The Austrian Empire forms now a compact body, composed of kingdoms and provinces, of which the population is above thirty and a half millions of souls, and more than 256,400 square miles.

But Metternich, in increasing the power of Austria, has done great mischief to the sacred cause of humanity, and has exposed this empire to become sooner or later the prey of Russia. We can truly say "that Metternich, in becoming the varlet of Alexandria, has sold the security of the Austrian States."—Nothing now can prevent Nicholas or any other Russian Sovereign from entering triumphantly the capital of Vienna, after one single pitched battle. The position of Austria in regard to Russia, becomes from day to day more critical. Here are some outlines.

Russia, since the reign of Catharine Ist, has taken great advantage of the religious bonds which exist between the Russian and Turkish provinces of Moldavia, Valachia, Bosnia, Bulgaria, Croatia and Dalmatia, to detach them by degrees from the Porte. All these provinces are generally, and even openly, governed by Russian Consuls; the crescent is there but a shadow, and its inhabitants are in fact more the subjects of Russia than of the Sultan. Sooner or later these provinces will be annexed to the Russian colossus, or they will become, with Greece, the natural allies of Russia, and form a rampart, which may enclose Austria, turn its front against Europe, and make it master of the Mediterranean Sea. It is easy to foresee the fate of Hungary, Transylvania and the Austrian possessions in Croatia and Dalmatia.

The Hungarians are the thirteenth tribe of the Finnish nation, of which the other twelve have submitted to Russia. More than four millions of the Hungarians belong to the Greek church. Secretly disaffected to the Austrian house, it will cost very little to attract them towards Russia; and the fate of Hungary and even of Austria will not remain a long time doubtful: "they will finish by being united to the Russian empire." By Metternich's fatal condescension, Russia has also crushed Poland, this strong bulwark against the irruption of the barbarians, in the centre of civilized Europe, and has been suffered to extend its webs, like a spider, into Turkey and Persia, and to open a road to invade Prussia and Germany, whenever it finds it convenient.

Examining the recent events, being well informed of all what has passed, and is still going on in Hungary, Italy, Tyrol, Bohemia and even in Germany, we have not the least doubt, that the people composing the Austrian empire anxiously desire a constitution. But Metternich and Francis abhor all kinds of constitutions, and much more the ancient constitutions of the provinces with their former privileges and concessions. The kingdom of Bohemia reclaims that, which was granted to them by Rodolphus II; Hungary would reject every other constitution than her own; Tyrol demands that of her ancient Sovereigns, when seated on the ducal rock in a large field near Inspruck, they received the oath of obedience from their subjects, as was the custom under their counts in the twelfth century; Venice desires its Doges and Milan its Dukes. To satisfy so many people, to rule over so many and so various interests, there is wanting another spirit than that of Metternich, as flexible and adroit as his own.

He employs too easy remedies: bayonets and dungeons, like Doctor Sangrado's hot water and bleeding! He cuts short all progress of innovation and exterminates those who are most noisy and dangerous. Here have we the key of the expulsion of the King of Naples and the occupation of that kingdom by an Austrian army, as well as of Sicily, Piedmont and of the late bloody scenes throughout Italy. France follow-

* See Knickerbocker or New York Monthly Magazine, May and June 1834.

* See Albany Daily Advertiser, Letters on Germany, No. I August 1834.

ed the advice of Metternich, and invaded Spain under the command of the Duke d'Angoulême. The Cortes were crushed, and Ferdinand, a monster in human shape, and the expert Embroiderer of the Virgin Mary's frock, became the sole ruler of fourteen millions of Spaniards, of whom the lowest was a worthier man than this crowned monkey! The Portuguese Nero, Miguel, took lessons from Metternich during his stay at Vienna, and is at the present day secretly protected by Austria.

Metternich's policy was also that of a Chameleon in regard to Greece. After the fall of Missolonghi (April 22d 1826) its heroic defence and the increasing power of the Vice Roy of Egypt, roused the attention of the governments, and the people of Europe; and England concluded with Russia and France (July 6th 1827) a treaty for the pacification of Greece. The Austrian Cabinet was averse and even hostile to the emancipation of Greece, but it menaced Russia, who protected, or rather had been the secret instigator of the insurrection. Austria, at the interference of the Czar, set the prince Alexander Ypsilante at liberty. Austria, favorable to the views of the Porte and of a pacific disposition; fearing, that, with the emancipation of Greece, liberal principles might soon gain ground, wished the Turks to remain masters of Greece, as their neighborhood and power would never be dangerous to her. This was the motive of her refusal to sign the treaty of July. The death of Mr. Canning gave Metternich new hope that his (Canning's) system would be abandoned; but the battle of Navarino destroyed this hope.

Austria now saw itself forced to support, at least by verbal representations, an intervention of which the results would be contrary to her system; and whilst the recompensed and approved her Internuncio (baron d'Othenfels) for his successful zeal to preserve peace, she thought proper to take precautions to prevent or turn to her profit, the consequences of a rupture, which appeared inevitable between the Porte and Russia. She assembled a strong army corps upon the borders of the Turkish provinces and contracted a new loan of from 35 to 40 millions of florins with the house of Rothschild.

The Austrian policy in regard to Portugal is another proof of its duplicity. In consequence of the insurrection in Portugal in 1824, the Infant Don Miguel, obliged to leave his country, had retired to Vienna, where he lived in a manner, in some way, resembling that of a prisoner of state, being prevented either from receiving confidential letters, or seeing any Portuguese save those who received special permission from the British Ministry. The death of his father, the King altered his situation a little, but rendered it more difficult. The project of his marriage with the princess of Brazil, his niece, interested highly the Austrian Cabinet, allied by a new match to the house of Braganza. The Emperor Francis was glad to see his grand-daughter, Donna Maria seated upon the throne of Portugal; but Don Pedro had imposed some conditions, which were in direct opposition with the secret and well known dislike of Miguel to any constitutional government. Metternich took upon himself to bring the prince back to more moderate principles; and although this mission was apparently in direct contradiction with his well known absolutism, Metternich hesitated not ostensibly to yield his opinion to the interests of Austria; but in his secret interviews with Don Miguel, he gave him hints to consent to take the oath of allegiance to the Portuguese constitution (Oct. 4, 1826,) a ceremony, which was followed by that of the betrothing with Donna Maria (Oct. 29,) who gave him in dowry a crown; and this done, to follow afterwards his own way, to which Miguel readily consented.

The accomplishment of these two conditions seemed to have terminated this affair; but though the sincerity of Infant Don Miguel appeared very equivocal, the trouble which continued in Portugal, and the ill health of the Infante Donna Isabella made it necessary to establish in that kingdom, authority stronger than that of her Regency. The interested powers represented to Don Pedro the necessity of renouncing the intention which he had of sending Don Miguel to Brazil, and in order to deceive him, he should grant him the Regency with more extended powers, to which his partisans considered him as being called by his betrothing with Donna Maria and his now attained majority. This decision having been obtained, all changed for Miguel. The Austrian etiquette now permitted him the honors granted to hereditary monarchs of foreign countries. He had his days of audience and reception, took the character of a Prince Regent, was admitted to the table of the Emperor, and in the interior of the imperial family as one of its members. It was then said that the Queen Maria da Gloria would arrive next from Brazil at Vienna, where she would reside at the imperial chateau, under the eyes of her grandfather, until she had attained the age to accomplish her marriage with Don Miguel and to take on herself the reigns of government. Finally, after various intercourse and reunions with the imperial family, and

particularly with the Emperor and Metternich, from whom he received the most kind assurances of interest, he departed for Portugal on the 7th of December. (To be continued.)

[The writer of the following sketches of the History of American Literature, although he contemplates their publication in another shape, has been induced to consent to their appearing first in the columns of the Zodiac.—E. P.]

[For the Zodiac.]

A SERIES OF LECTURES ON AMERICAN LITERATURE.

DELIVERED BY REQUEST BEFORE THE YOUNG MEN'S ASSOCIATION, IN THE CITY OF ALBANY, BY S. DE WITT BLOODGOOD.

No. I.

INTRODUCTORY REMARKS.

The circumstance that a large number of the young men of Albany, chiefly engaged in the active pursuits of business, have left their offices, their workshops and their counting rooms, to meet in this building for the purpose of Mutual Improvement, arrests attention and deserves approval. It is cheering to the patriot and the man of letters, and assures them that as intelligence is the life of liberty, and education is the source of that intelligence, here will spring up new and lasting attachments to the soil on which we stand, the country that gave us birth, the cause dear to heaven and man, that for which our fathers prayed, battled, and died.

Here conflicting opinions, rival interests and perhaps personal prejudices are merged in a noble effort for the mind's cultivation, in the study and contemplation of the nature of our exalted faculties, their present responsibility, and permit me to add, their immortal destiny.

Felicitous in its design, and successful in its progress, this Association may become illustrious in its career. Who can say what noble traits of character, what heaven born energies may not yet be developed through its influence? Who can tell what preeminence may not be obtained through its means by some who hitherto were unaided in their efforts, solitary in their reflections, and diffident of themselves, though conscious of something within them "struggling to be free."

Let such rejoice in an institution, which founded on the best principles that influence the human breast, has found a liberal public, accelerating its progress and watching its effects with joy and expectation.

It has been projected in a most interesting era.—The principle of association actuates mankind in an extraordinary degree, and our own country has risen to its present greatness by its pervading influence.—Even the ancients were aware of its results, when their rulers prodigal of life, could send millions of human beings to dig canals, without any other implements than their hands, as did an Egyptian King, or pile stone on stone upon the desert plain, a memorial of the power of united physical strength, and the weakness of those who wasted its energies to build the monuments of unresisted despotism.

Our own age is distinguished in all its efforts by its regard for the happiness of mankind. The most wonderful discoveries of the times in which we live are for the benefit of the many, rather than the few, and they are but the Heralds of wonders yet to come.

The mechanic arts are already revolutionizing the world, compressing the labors of centuries in the successful efforts of a single generation. What a field is open to the well regulated mind and the inventive powers of the thoroughly instructed mechanist!

Commerce, the Messenger of the arts, is extending its influence to every portion of the human family. Where of honorable usefulness is milly. What a high minded merchant! open to the intelligent and movements of the Literature embodying the imp. time3. age stands ready to preserve them for future.

The press groans in the work of production. No longer are a few manuscripts valued at the wealth of a nation, but in a more convenient form, they are reproduced in any desirable quantity, and scattered abroad to every habitable portion of the globe. No thought of interest, no fact of value is suffered to lie in memory or tradition.

What duties, what responsibilities rest upon the literary men of the day!

Literature now occupies a large space in human affairs. It is no longer considered an imaginary Empire, whose subjects are poetically deranged, whose boundaries lie in thought, and whose influence is purely ideal.

The Poet Montgomery, it is true, would almost favor this common error, when he narrowly describes it in his recent popular lectures, to be the expression of thought by speech or writing. Schlegel, celebrated for his commercial education, his political life and his literary productions, defines literature in a more acceptable manner, and with philosophical precision. It is according to him "Intellect" embodied in language" embracing the art of Poetry, History, and all those higher exertions of pure reason and intellect, having human life and man for their object, influencing both; and lastly, Eloquence and Wit retained in the substantial form of written productions."

It is, says he, the Epitome of all the intellectual capabilities and progressive improvements of mankind.

Without Literature no people ever were illustrious. Countless hordes of warriors, continued conquests, illimitable possessions can not of themselves preserve the memory of Nations. These have been incidental to many—now forgotten and lost for ever. Where are the swarms of the Asiatic Hive? They are concealed in a Cimmerian darkness. Their mother earth out of whose bosom they sprang, upon whose surface they lingered, received them again in her arms, and they crumbled to their elemental dust.

Scarce an authentic fragment of the learning of the Chaldeans, the Babylonians, Assyrians, Egyptians or Phoenicians has come down to us, and for want of Literature, all the action and all the thought which belonged to millions of human beings, are lost in the ocean of time, without a wreck to tell us where they passed.

Can we think even now without emotion of those masses of men, who deprived of Literature and ignorant of its advantages, have left no trace behind them of their common hopes and sympathies, of common objects and desires, of the incentives to patriotism and philanthropy, the virtues of public or the endearments of social life.

If Xerxes, we may believe history, touched by emotions that did him honor, even in the moment of pride, wept on beholding the millions of his followers around him, because in one generation they were all doomed to disappear from the earth, if this barbarian could in the hour of triumph, and the hope of conquest, lament for the destiny of the hosts he led, we in the light of a christian revelation, and with an infinite superiority in our condition, may certainly be pardoned for expressing our regrets that so many countless multitudes have perished in former ages, of whose history scarce a single vestige now remains.

Indeed the fate of man turns often upon the influence of Literature. It has affected and sometimes changed his habits, his laws, and his policy. It has refined and elevated human nature, it has preserved from oblivion his actions individually, or as a part of the mass moving with him, either to teach us to be wise after example, or to warn us by its impressive lessons against the evils to come.

It is a singular fact that when those nations of antiquity which took their rise in periods beyond the reach of authentic history, began to perceive their deficiency in this respect, they generally caught at

the fictions of ingenious writers, in order to impart the strength, or gain the influence of a common bond of feeling, an admitted reference to a common origin, a principle of identity which should be a source of union. Thus Mythology became the substitute for history.

The want of Annals was therefore supplied by rude imagery, and the fables of the poets at length received the care and consideration of the Grammarians.

Why there was this want of literature, is a subject of interesting reflection, but here it would be out of place. The absence of a written character, the disconnected nature of their public events and the unsteadiness of the governments under which these events occurred would have their full effect. In this department of investigation the modern Germans have been pre-eminent.

The early Assyrian History, says a profound writer is the mere tradition of ancient heroes and heroines, drawn in the spirit of eastern exaggeration.

The Egyptians were unable to trace their career, although monuments covered with hieroglyphical pictures filled the plains of Memphis.

The Grecians looked back to the days of the demigods for their origin, when Hercules performed his labors of wonder, Theseus delivered the Cretans from the Minotaur, and Jason bore away the golden fleece. Structures of gigantic size were indeed scattered around, but no certain account of them remained.

What a modern geologist would now regard as the natural effect of a change in the face of the globe, by some great cause,—rocks torn from their native beds, the people without literature attributed to the contests of a fabulous race of Giants, who sought to scale even the blue Empyrean.

So of Rome! The she wolf that suckled its founders, the twin brothers, was honored by the impress of her effigy upon the coin of the country, but the refined classicists of the Augustan age sought a more elevated ancestry, and Virgil after eleven years of study, produced the immortal Eneid, which gave his patron an ancestral line of Trojan Kings, and the Roman people, a founder in one beloved of men, the favourite of Gods.

To a Greek slave, Polybius, they owed their first history, and to Grecian Rhetoricians and Philosophers, twice expelled from the city by a decree of the Senate, their first valuable acquirements in literature.

Another view of the subject presents itself.

The early times of any people are naturally unfavorable to the rapid diffusion of knowledge. Where even a written character, and the art of printing are in use, much difficulty is found in the way of its advancement. In all unsettled periods of the world, during the formation of states or the migration of colonies, but little has been done, in comparison to what might otherwise have been expected.

All the writers of Antiquity previous to the Christian era, would scarce fill with their works a modern book case. Only a few authors have reflected upon us, down the long vista of years, even their uncertain light. But one truly ancient and sacred volume has come to us from remote ages with any degree of authority, or any internal evidences of truth. Indeed, the lava which covered Pompeii and Herculaneum, and at one fatal rush of its fiery torrent overwhelmed these ancient cities, is now giving up more to illustrate the domestic character and condition of their inhabitants, is yielding more information to the philosophic inquirer, of the pursuits of life in the era of the catastrophe, than all the known literature of that interesting period.

We build no theory on this. We have no system to defend by these statements. The facts seem naturally to belong to a discussion of our subject, the origin of our own literature—about which so much has been said by prejudiced and unphilosophical observers.

We only avail ourselves of a fact already stated, in the shape of a proposition, that the history of a nation is inseparably connected with, if not absolutely dependent upon its cultivation of literature. And literary men aware of this, have sometimes been led into a ridiculous assumption of importance which has injured the cause they advocate.

And yet when the greatest of the great have fallen into the error, even the error seems to be fenced in with something beyond the reach of censure.

Homer once stopped at the gates of Cumae, a city of one of the oldest and most powerful states in Asia Minor—fatigued by his wanderings and faint with hunger, he asked for relief from its inhabitants, with the offer on his part, in return for their charity, to immortalize them in his verse!

The proffer was listened to with surprise, and rejected with contempt, while the people, proverbially stupid, are not a little indebted even to the anecdote itself, for being named in the works of writers comparatively modern to the blind Maeonides.

Schlegel remarks that the fame of Greece was as much the work of Homer and Plato, as of Solon and Alexander.

Socrates on the day of his trial, recounted the benefits his wisdom had conferred on his country, and told his enemies, that instead of hemlock and death, he deserved to be supported out of the public treasury.

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The influence of particular branches of literature can sometimes be distinctly traced by their effects. Legislation received an acquisition to its principles, and a direction in its policy from the writings of Locke and Montesquieu, and from Grotius, nations learned to respect the rights of each other.

The naval superiority of England, may in all probability be traced to the Sylva of Evelyn, who taught his countrymen to see in the acorn, the germ of future fleets.

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In our own country, the peculiar character of Franklin's writings is said to have produced the habits of calculation and thrift, by which Americans are guided and for which they are distinguished. These are but a few examples of the benefit conferred even by individual literary acquirements or pursuits, when brought to bear upon masses and communities.

With the impression, therefore, of the dignity, and the utility of literature, let us now endeavor to investigate its actual condition in our native land, its minute history, its progress, and the constant difficulties in its path: its principal ornaments—in short, whatever relates to its past, its present and what we may conceive of its future condition. American Lit-

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Even they have not seen the work of their hands fixed upon an indestructible basis. The Historian pauses over the noblest struggle of mankind, ere he writes it down, lest he do it in the spirit of cotemporary exaggeration. The actors in that scene are as yet too familiar to the observer, to be clothed with their proper attributes.

These events are too fresh even for the Canvass.—We do not venture confidently to delineate them, as yet we see only here and there, a solitary statue.

INDIA—A POEM.

(Never before published.)

[CONTINUED.]

XXVIII.

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One guides the silver chariot of the moon,
One robes the rainbow, one unfolds the flowers,
One shoots the fiery arrows of the moon,
One gives the summer's, one the autumn's boon,
And one the frost-work weaves in winter's loom:
These are the organ of the sky to tune,
The storm to wing, to touch the rose with bloom,
The good to guide to heaven, the wicked to their doom.

XXIX.

Auspicious, gentle, lovers of mankind,
Their worship was unmingled with a tear,
And in the sunbeams, dews, and balmy wind
They scatter'd bounty, but the demons dire
No sentiments inspire but those of fear,
Their horse-leech cry is blood, for ever, blood
They blight the bloom of man, his spirit sear;
They thirst and hunger after human food,
Vampyres in appetite, hellish in their mood.

XXX.

Here then are Gods befitting every taste—
Seeks the rebellious slave his master's crown,
The savage conqueror the world to waste,
The knavish faquir sanctity's renown,
The miser gold?—unblushingly they own
The guilty passion at their patron's shrine.
Some graven wood or rudely sculptur'd stone
They supplicate the power they deem divine,
That on their lawless deed auspicious he would shine.

XXXI.

Their dark desires are Gods, and forth they go,
Like frantic prophets, ministers of ill,
Fierce hunting tigers, that no mercy know.
The babe that smiles upon them they would kill,
And for a throne, the world with ruins fill,
Change joy to sorrow, melody to groan,
Poison the dews that the sweet skies distil,
Even Pity here might weep herself to stone,
Another Niobe, vain her pathetic moan.

XXXII.

The vile, vain glorious faquir walks abroad,
Without, a satyr, and a fox within,
Poisoning, corrupting, in the name of God;
Himself enriching by the works of sin;
Seduction's smiles are sanctified to win
The unholy triumph, and the love of gold
Is hallowed, and enshrined, perverting men,

ed the advice of Metternich, and invaded Spain under the command of the Duke d'Angouleme. The Cortes were crushed, and Ferdinand, a monster in human shape, and the expert Embroiderer of the Virgin Mary's frock, became the sole ruler of fourteen millions of Spaniards, of whom the lowest was a worthier man than this crowned monkey! The Portuguese Nero, Miguel, took lessons from Metternich during his stay at Vienna, and is at the present day secretly protected by Austria.

Metternich's policy was also that of a Chameleon in regard to Greece. After the fall of Missolonghi (April 22d 1826) its heroic defence and the increasing power of the Vice Roy of Egypt, roused the attention of the governments, and the people of Europe; and England concluded with Russia and France (July 6th 1827) a treaty for the pacification of Greece. The Austrian Cabinet was averse and even hostile to the emancipation of Greece, but it menaced Russia, who protected, or rather had been the secret instigator of the insurrection. Austria, at the interference of the Czar, set the prince Alexander Ypsilante at liberty. Austria, favorable to the views of the Porte and of a pacific disposition; fearing, that, with the emancipation of Greece, liberal principles might soon gain ground, wished the Turks to remain masters of Greece, as their neighborhood and power would never be dangerous to her. This was the motive of her refusal to sign the treaty of July. The death of Mr. Canning gave Metternich new hope that his (Canning's) system would be abandoned; but the battle of Navarino destroyed this hope.

Austria now saw itself forced to support, at least by verbal representations, an intervention of which the results would be contrary to her system; and whilst the recompensed and approved her Internuncio (baron d'Othenfels) for his successful zeal to preserve peace, she thought proper to take precautions to prevent or turn to her profit, the consequences of a rupture, which appeared inevitable between the Porte and Russia. She assembled a strong army corps upon the borders of the Turkish provinces and contracted a new loan of from 35 to 40 millions of florins with the house of Rothschild.

The Austrian policy in regard to Portugal is another proof of its duplicity. In consequence of the insurrection in Portugal in 1824, the Infant Don Miguel, obliged to leave his country, had retired to Vienna, where he lived in a manner, in some way, resembling that of a prisoner of state, being prevented either from receiving confidential letters, or seeing any Portuguese save those who received special permission from the British Ministry. The death of his father, the King altered his situation a little, but rendered it more difficult. The project of his marriage with the princess of Brazil, his niece, interested highly the Austrian Cabinet, allied by a new match to the house of Braganza. The Emperor Francis was glad to see his grand-daughter, Donna Maria seated upon the throne of Portugal; but Don Pedro had imposed some conditions, which were in direct opposition with the secret and well known dislike of Miguel to any constitutional government. Metternich took upon himself to bring the prince back to more moderate principles; and although this mission was apparently in direct contradiction with his well known absolutism, Metternich hesitated not ostensibly to yield his opinion to the interests of Austria; but in his secret interviews with Don Miguel, he gave him hints to consent to take the oath of allegiance to the Portuguese constitution (Oct. 4, 1826,) a ceremony, which was followed by that of the betrothing with Donna Maria (Oct. 29,) who gave him in dowry a crown; and this done, to follow afterwards his own way, to which Miguel readily consented.

The accomplishment of these two conditions seemed to have terminated this affair; but though the sincerity of Infant Don Miguel appeared very equivocal, the trouble which continued in Portugal, and the ill health of the Infante Donna Isabella made it necessary to establish in that kingdom, authority stronger than that of her Regency. The interested powers represented to Don Pedro the necessity of renouncing the intention which he had of sending Don Miguel to Brazil, and in order to deceive him, he should grant him the Regency with more extended powers, to which his partisans considered him as being called by his betrothing with Donna Maria and his now attained majority. This decision having obtained, all changed for Miguel. The Austrian heretofore now permitted him the honors granted to hereditary princes of foreign countries. He had his days of audience and reception, took the character of a Prince Regent, was admitted to the table of the Emperor, and in the interior of the imperial family as one of its members. It was then said her M., the Queen Maria da Gloria would arrive next from Brazil at Vienna, where she would reside at the imperial chateau, under the eyes of her grandfather, until she had attained the age to accomplish her marriage with Don Miguel and to take on herself the reigns of government. Finally, after various intercourse and reunions with the imperial family, and

particularly with the Emperor and Metternich, from whom he received the most kind assurances of interest, he departed for Portugal on the 7th of December. (To be continued.)

[The writer of the following sketches of the History of American Literature, although he contemplates their publication in another shape, has been induced to consent to their appearing first in the columns of the Zodiac.—E. P.]

[For the Zodiac.]

A SERIES OF LECTURES ON AMERICAN LITERATURE.

DELIVERED BY REQUEST BEFORE THE YOUNG MEN'S ASSOCIATION, IN THE CITY OF ALBANY, BY S. DE WITT BLOODGOOD.

No. I.

INTRODUCTORY REMARKS.

The circumstance that a large number of the young men of Albany, chiefly engaged in the active pursuits of business, have left their offices, their workshops and their counting rooms, to meet in this building for the purpose of Mutual Improvement, arrests attention and deserves approval. It is cheering to the patriot and the man of letters, and assures them that as intelligence is the life of liberty, and education is the source of that intelligence, here will spring up new and lasting attachments to the soil on which we stand, the country that gave us birth, the cause dear to heaven and man, that for which our fathers prayed, battled, and died.

Here conflicting opinions, rival interests and perhaps personal prejudices are merged in a noble effort for the mind's cultivation, in the study and contemplation of the nature of our exalted faculties, their present responsibility, and permit me to add, their immortal destiny.

Felicitous in its design, and successful in its progress, this Association may become illustrious in its career. Who can say what noble traits of character, what heaven born energies may not yet be developed through its influence? Who can tell what preeminence may not be obtained through its means by some who hitherto were unaided in their efforts, solitary in their reflections, and diffident of themselves, though conscious of something within them "struggling to be free."

Let such rejoice in an institution, which founded on the best principles that influence the human breast, has found a liberal public, accelerating its progress and watching its effects with joy and expectation.

It has been projected in a most interesting era.—The principle of association actuates mankind in an extraordinary degree, and our own country has risen to its present greatness by its pervading influence.—Even the ancients were aware of its results, when their rulers prodigal of life, could send millions of human beings to dig canals, without any other implements than their hands, as did an Egyptian King, or pile stone on stone upon the desert plain, a memorial of the power of united physical strength, and the weakness of those who wasted its energies to build the monuments of unresisted despotism.

Our own age is distinguished in all its efforts by its regard for the happiness of mankind. The most wonderful discoveries of the times in which we live are for the benefit of the many, rather than the few, and they are but the Heralds of wonders yet to come.

The mechanic arts are already revolutionizing the world, compressing the labors of centuries in the successful efforts of a single generation. What a field is open to the well regulated mind and the inventive powers of the thoroughly instructed mechanist!

Commerce, the Messenger of the arts, is extending its influence to every portion of the human family. Where of honorable usefulness is open to the intelligent and high minded merchant!

Literature embodying the improvements of the age stands ready to preserve them for future times.

The press groans in the work of production. No longer are a few manuscripts valued at the wealth of a nation, but in a more convenient form, they are reproduced in any desirable quantity, and scattered abroad to every habitable portion of the globe. No thought of interest, no fact of value is suffered to lie in memory or tradition.

What duties, what responsibilities rest upon the literary men of the day!

Literature now occupies a large space in human affairs. It is no longer considered an imaginary Empire, whose subjects are poetically deranged, whose boundaries lie in thought, and whose influence is purely ideal.

The Poet Montgomery, it is true, would almost favor this common error, when he narrowly describes it in his recent popular lectures, to be the expression of thought by speech or writing. Schlegel, celebrated for his commercial education, his political life and his literary productions, defines literature in a more acceptable manner, and with philosophical precision. It is according to him "Intellect" embodied in language embracing the art of Poetry, History, and all those higher exertions of pure reason and intellect, having human life and man for their object, influencing both; and lastly, Eloquence and Wit retained in the substantial form of written productions."

It is, says he, the Epitome of all the intellectual capabilities and progressive improvements of mankind.

Without Literature no people ever were illustrious. Countless hordes of warriors, continued conquests, illimitable possessions can not of themselves preserve the memory of Nations. These have been incidental to many—now forgotten and lost for ever. Where are the swarms of the Asiatic Hive? They are concealed in a Cimmerian darkness. Their mother earth out of whose bosom they sprang, upon whose surface they lingered, received them again in her arms, and they crumbled to their elemental dust.

Scarce an authentic fragment of the learning of the Chaldeans, the Babylonians, Assyrians, Egyptians or Phoenicians has come down to us, and for want of Literature, all the action and all the thought which belonged to millions of human beings, are lost in the ocean of time, without a wreck to tell us where they passed.

Can we think even now without emotion of those masses of men, who deprived of Literature and ignorant of its advantages, have left no trace behind them of their common hopes and sympathies, of common objects and desires, of the incentives to patriotism and philanthropy, the virtues of public or the endearments of social life.

If Xerxes, we may believe history, touched by emotions that did him honor, even in the moment of pride, wept on beholding the millions of his followers around him, because in one generation they were all doomed to disappear from the earth, if this barbarian could in the hour of triumph, and the hope of conquest, lament for the destiny of the hosts he led, we in the light of a christian revelation, and with an infinite superiority in our condition, may certainly be pardoned for expressing our regrets that so many countless multitudes have perished in former ages, of whose history scarce a single vestige now remains.

Indeed the fate of man turns often upon the influence of Literature. It has affected and sometimes changed his habits, his laws, and his policy. It has refined and elevated human nature, it has preserved from oblivion his actions individually, or as a part of the mass moving with him, either to teach us to be wise after example, or to warn us by its impressive lessons against the evils to come.

It is a singular fact that when those nations of antiquity which took their rise in periods beyond the reach of authentic history, began to perceive their deficiency in this respect, they generally caught at

the fictions of ingenious writers, in order to impart the strength, or gain the influence of a common bond of feeling, an admitted reference to a common origin, a principle of identity which should be a source of union. Thus Mythology became the substitute for history.

The want of Annals was therefore supplied by rude imagery, and the fables of the poets at length received the care and consideration of the Grammarians.

Why there was this want of literature, is a subject of interesting reflection, but here it would be out of place. The absence of a written character, the disconnected nature of their public events and the unsteadiness of the governments under which these events occurred would have their full effect. In this department of investigation the modern Germans have been pre-eminent.

The early Assyrian History, says a profound writer is the mere tradition of ancient heroes and heroines, drawn in the spirit of eastern exaggeration.

The Egyptians were unable to trace their career, although monuments covered with hieroglyphical pictures filled the plains of Memphis.

The Grecians looked back to the days of the demigods for their origin, when Hercules performed his labors of wonder, Theseus delivered the Cretans from the Minotaur, and Jason bore away the golden fleece. Structures of gigantic size were indeed scattered around, but no certain account of them remained.

What a modern geologist would now regard as the natural effect of a change in the face of the globe, by some great cause,—rocks torn from their native beds, the people without literature attributed to the contests of a fabulous race of Giants, who sought to scale even the blue Empyrean.

So of Rome! The she wolf that suckled its founders, the twin brothers, was honored by the impress of her effigy upon the coin of the country, but the refined classicists of the Augustan age sought a more elevated ancestry, and Virgil after eleven years of study, produced the immortal Eneid, which gave his patron an ancestral line of Trojan Kings, and the Roman people, a founder in one beloved of men, the favourite of Gods.

To a Greek slave, Polybius, they owed their first history, and to Grecian Rhetoricians and Philosophers, twice expelled from the city by a decree of the Senate, their first valuable acquirements in literature.

Another view of the subject presents itself.

The early times of any people are naturally unfavorable to the rapid diffusion of knowledge. Where even a written character, and the art of printing are in use, much difficulty is found in the way of its advancement. In all unsettled periods of the world, during the formation of states or the migration of colonies, but little has been done, in comparison to what might otherwise have been expected.

All the writers of Antiquity previous to the Christian era, would scarce fill with their works a modern book case. Only a few authors have reflected upon us, down the long vista of years, even their uncertain light. But one truly ancient and sacred volume has come to us from remote ages with any degree of authority, or any internal evidences of truth. Indeed, the lava which covered Pompeii and Herculaneum, and at one fatal rush of its fiery torrent overwhelmed these ancient cities, is now giving up more to illustrate the domestic character and condition of their inhabitants, is yielding more information to the philosophic inquirer, of the pursuits of life in the era of the catastrophe, than all the known literature of that interesting period.

We build no theory on this. We have no system to defend by these statements. The facts seem naturally to belong to a discussion of our subject, the origin of our own literature—about which so much has been said by prejudiced and unphilosophical observers.

We only avail ourselves of a fact already stated, in the shape of a proposition, that the history of a nation is inseparably connected with, if not absolutely dependent upon its cultivation of literature. And literary men aware of this, have sometimes been led into a ridiculous assumption of importance which has injured the cause they advocate.

And yet when the greatest of the great have fallen into the error, even the error seems to be fenced in with something beyond the reach of censure.

Homer once stopped at the gates of Cumæ, a city of one of the oldest and most powerful states in Asia Minor—fatigued by his wanderings and faint with hunger, he asked for relief from its inhabitants, with the offer on his part, in return for their charity, to immortalize them in his verse!

The proffer was listened to with surprise, and rejected with contempt, while the people, proverbially stupid, are not a little indebted even to the anecdote itself, for being named in the works of writers comparatively modern to the blind Mæonides.

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Is hallowed, and enshrined, perverting men,

Till murder and the robe in crimson roll'd,
Seems like a holy rite, an ordinance of old.

XXXIII.

Religion, true and pure, and undefiled,
Humbles, exalts, and strengthens, and refines;
The fertile trains, eradicates the wild,
The erring heart to righteousness inclines,
And the vindictive leads where mercy shines;
Love teaches him who hates, and wrongs his kind.
Compassion keeps, and charity enshrines
In God's own fane, the unavenging mind,
Enriching as the dew, excursive as the wind.

XXXIV.

Idolatry is Circe's fabled cup,
Drugg'd with enchantments, but ah! who may tell
The woe that waits the man that drinks it up;
He raves a madman in a maniac's cell,
Or whines an idiot in a cap and bell,
A monkey sacrificing to a stone;
A grim bear dancing to the orgies' shell
Of some lewd rite, done in the forest lone,
Where nature hides her blush, and witness there is none.

XXXV.

The silent stars have my companions been,
And my preceptors from their thrones on high;
And I have read earth's characters of green,
And the eternal tablets of the sky,
Engraved in light and golden blazonry;
And converse held with the harmonious wind,
And the melodious waters warbling by,
And I have shed a tear to look behind
From shows so fair as these on follies of my kind.

XXXVI.

Is India not a fair and lovely place,
That might have been the temple of our God;
The throne of pity, and the shrine of grace
And majesty, but men have wreck'd th' abode,
And under foot the noble ruins trode;
Demons have turned the affections all awry,
And superstition o'er the fields has strode
With footsteps red with blood and withering eye
To virtue's verdicts blind, and deaf to nature's cry.

XXXVII.

The holiest ties the household circle bind,
Of heavenly temper, to unite, and charm,
To animate the whole, as with one mind,
As with an ample shield to guard from harm,
With love to sweeten, and with strength to arm,
Where each delighted, echoes this is home;
In festive hour, or moment of alarm,
When rent asunder, the domestic dome
Is not affection's throne, but its inglorious tomb.

XXXVIII.

Son knows not father, nor the father son,
Wife knows not husband, nor the husband wife,
Bosom throbs not to bosom, but they shun
The glance suspicious, enmity and strife,
And hatred, in the home of love and life;
The lord a despot, and the wife untrue,
The daughter feels the sacrificial knife,
Even sparkling in her beauty's morning dew,
And nature weeps her wrongs, in cypress wreath'd with rue.

XXXIX.

Is not the firmament unstain'd by sin,
While earth is full of perjuries and lies;
Of envyings and tumults, and the din
Of Babel, follies and idolatries,
And murder, swelling rankling to the skies;
While virtue her too scanty gleanings grieves,
And vice has of the relics made a prize,
And she from man no new supply receives,
But all is in decay, like autumn's withering leaves.

XL.

The earth is at the fairest wreck'd and wild,
Her beauty shews but to a favored few,

The sky on all impartially has smiled,
No speck upon its stainless robe we view,
Untarnished is its gold, and clear its blue;
There is no desert in the clime so fair,
The same for ever, and for ever new.
Had I the morning's wings I'd hie me there,
And hide me far away from cumber, and from care.

XLI.

Ill starr'd; Oh! I have fallen in evil climes,
Yet trimm'd my sails, and I must onward go,
Fearless of man, and heedless of the times,
Though waves of blood around my pinnace flow,
High as the top-mast, on the sea of woe;
For me there certes, is enough of blood,
Yet I will speak the truth, whate'er may flow.
I am her servant, and her cause is good,
Then welcome be the wave, and tempestuous flood.

XLII.

Woman thy heart is love, thy form is grace,
Thy smile disarms the bloody hand of strife,
And beauty is enshrined upon thy face,
As gentle maiden, or as faithful wife,
The music and the melody of life;
A beam of mercy sorrow's tears to dry,
To man with holy influences rife,
On earth thou art an angel of the sky,
Light from thy foot-prints shines, and glory from thy eye.

XLIII.

Winter prepares the embryo flowers of spring,
Among the leafless boughs the birds are mute,
Again that the more gladly they may sing;
The rose shall bloom again, the tendrils shoot
And branch in beauty, rich with golden fruit,
But blighted woman blossoms not again;
Dews may not cherish, sun-beams may not boot,
Her angel bowers she never shall regain,
Bright tears may pity shed, her sorrows are in vain.

XLIV.

The whitest robe most easily is stained,
The soft most readily the impression takes,
The acutest nerve most sensibly is pained,
The delicate machine the soonest breaks;
The oak resists the storm that ruin makes
Among the roses; in the finest mind
The reason slumbers when the fancy wakes,
The heart the most susceptible and kind,
To danger's most exposed, when mischief is designed.

XLV.

Here how few gentle women then escape,
When all beneath the roses lurks the snare,
And wheresoever she her course may shape,
The influence of the earth and air,
Seduce, corrupt, and things themselves most fair
Against the soft confider are combined;
No shield defends her, and no guardian care
Watches the varied workings of her mind,
By every impulse led as fancy is inclined.

XLVI.

Sees she the stars in heaven like angels, blaze,
In them she reads a history impure,
Or wanders she amid the forest's maze,
Within the solemn circle is a lure
For vestal virtue—who may then ensure
The unheeding one against the poisoned wound,
Or if inflicted, who devise a cure;
It festers, gangrenes, till the whole is found
One pestilent disease, one leprosy unsound.

XLVII.

The pathway how may she discover, where
The sun that rules the day is dark as night,
Amid the trackless waste how may she fare,
Where an impure religion's meteor light
The soul bewilders, and unnerves the sight,
And vice is worshipped, and the very shrine
A place impure, and priestly fingers write
Precepts unholy, that men deem divine,
To quench the unborrow'd lights that in the spirit shine.

XLVIII.

Alas! how wreck'd the promise of her birth!
In poison'd plants arise the ambrosial seeds.
She who might be the ornament of earth,
A ruined temple, overgrown with weeds,
A golden chamber where the serpent feeds,
A rayless jewel, or a beamless star,
A silver cistern of unholy deeds,
The smile of gentle peace, the heart of war,
Impure idolatry, the work of God to mar.

XLIX.

Yet she may pity claim, she never knew
The holy training of a law divine,
Nor the domestic rite to nature true,
Nor love, nor truth, that kindle on the shrine
Of a pure household—gods and men combine
To wreck and ruin—from a child a slave
Of sire and husband, who in chains confine,
And home, the virtue's altar, is their grave—
The temple is a thrall from which no power can save.

L.

Medicine may heal the body's deepest wound,
The spirit's gashes never close again;
For it, availing balsam is not found,
And for its fractures, ligatures are vain,
They knit not, but incurable remain;
The leprous soul no leech may purify,
And no physician mitigate its pain,
No hand again may reinstate on high,
Palsied, and bent to earth the native of the sky.

LI.

Can she be faithful, she who never knew
Love's rosy hopes, and its alternate fears,
Its fair varieties for ever new;
The sweet surprise, and the delicious tears
As from one fountain flowing, in the ears
The melody of bliss, the blending heart,
The conscious smile that each to each endears,
The undisguised avowal without art,
The drama of true love, wherein each plays a part!

LII.

The while the temple's gates are open wide,
Seductive and to lawless love invite,
Beneath the shrine her blushes she may hide,
Her creed may teach her that she acts aright,
A glory to a God her faith to plight,
Or to his servants, holy men and pure.
United to these ministers of light,
Her endless happiness she will ensure,
How may her virtue stand, or how resist the lure.

LIII.

Take from the groves the vespers of delight,
The green leaves from the trees, the rose from spring,
The meek, the modest matron eye from night,
And from the birds that sparkle and that sing
The bill of music, and the rainbow wing,
But leave, Oh! leave fond plighted love to youth!
Take that, you leave to wedlock but a sting
For mutual wounds, strife, jealousy, untruth,
The slave but deadly hate, the tyrant but untruth.

LIV.

Oh! jealousy is greedy as the grave,
And as un pitying of its helpless prey;
Virtue availeth not, and may not save,
Tho' innocence may hold its spotless way,
Clear as the azure of an Indian day;
Man blackness sees, where there is not a speck,
And swears that faith itself is gone astray;
She to the sword shall yield her slender neck,
And lie a heartless trunk, beauty's degraded wreck.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

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